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Looking Forward

IT HAS BEEN characteristic of the fanatic, in every age, to begin by holding up an ideal difficult for the general run of men to achieve, and then in the attempt to lash a laggard humanity into reaching it, to end by losing sight of the ideal itself. The Inquisition is the classic example, finally putting men on the rack in order to bring about the Kingdom of God, torturing men's bodies in the name of a Gentle Christ and the Virgin Mary.

TO JUDGE from the latest utterances of the extreme drys, something like this is happening to the prohibitionist leaders in this country. Even the practical goal, temperance, is being totally obscured by the blind fanaticism of men who have become interested in the application of the lash, to the exclusion of their original ideal.

FOR THESE MEN, alcohol seems more and more to be taking the place held by heresy in the minds of the original Inquisitors. They would stop at nothing—not even a sea of blood, so one of our gentle subscribers announced the other day—in their effort to force a laggard humanity to reach their goal. If they could, they would make belief in prohibition, not service in an A.E.F., the supreme test of patriotism. They would make the question of alcohol the test of allegiance to Christ Himself.

LET US TAKE counsel in this country. Those of us who love America do not want to see her a land of drunken sots. Neither do we wish to see her peopled mainly by a race of hypocrites, prodded by fanatics, drunk with power.

HUMANITY needs its ideals, and its ministers and priests to hold those ideals aloft. But since when has the idealist been proud of the Inquisition? Since when was any ideal put by force into the heart of any man?

IT IS AN HOUR when fair minded and reasonable Americans, wet and dry, must begin to reason together. There is no election pending now, to confuse the discussion.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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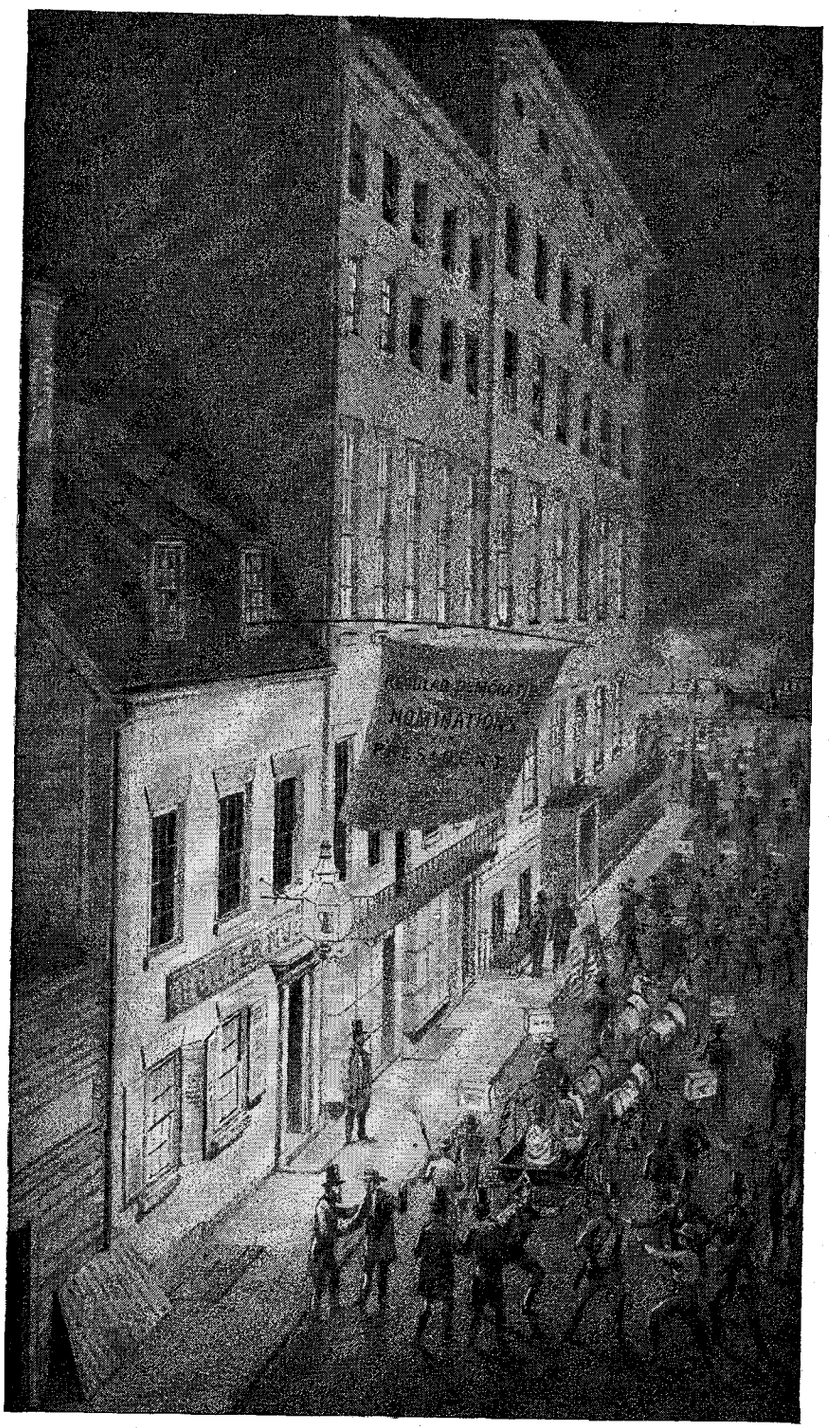

PEWTER MUG TAVERN AND TAMMANY HALL, FRANKFORT STREET, 1860

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Outlook
and Independent

May 15, 1929

What's Happened to Tammany?

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

Under present management Tammany will dream no dreams of National conquest. Its heroes are Croker, Kelly, and Murphy, and Manhattan its bailiwick. Nevertheless its political future even there is by no means certain, menaced on the one hand by the changing character of its districts, and on the other by the possible re-emergence of former Governor Smith

THERE were many of us who believed, if only during the turbulent days of the campaign last fall, in the militantly advertised theory that Tammany Hall, the black sheep among all political organizations, had reformed. A few cynics may have attributed the change to a perception on Tammany's part that greater political gain lay in virtue, that through placing Alfred E. Smith in the White House would come more jobs, remunerative contracts, vastly increased influence. But the majority who accepted the New Tammany felt, I think, that the motivation was less pragmatic.

We believed that Al Smith was standing for something novel, considering the history of the past few years, in American politics; for sincerity instead of sham, for a measure of idealism against dollars-and-cents political philosophy. We assured ourselves that the members of Tammany Hall shared our devotion to Smith, and that pride and hope lay behind the support given this National figure. We admitted Tammany's past shame (knowing that innumerable other political machines had been just as bad) but we argued that even black sheep had, so to speak, better natures. I shall never quite get over my personal indignation when a "history" of Tammany Hall appeared early in 1928 which set forth in great detail the sins of Boss Tweed, "Honest John" Kelly, Dick Croker, Charlie Murphy, and the rest, and never mentioned the new order, the modern Tammany Hall. I thought that it was a dishonest book; incidentally, I still think so.

But now we are told that it was all a myth, that there never was a New Tammany. Nor does the assurance come from the Republican Party, as during the campaign, or from Democrats who could not endure so unlettered a person as Smith in the White House. It comes, instead, from the most influential members of Tammany Hall itself. Al Smith, disastrously defeated, is experiencing an unpleasant truth he has hitherto known only academically; that the leader who has lost rarely continues to be a leader. Tammany is insisting, with vehemence that would intrigue a psychoanalyst, that the old ways were the best ways, the old bosses the successful bosses. It has elected John F. Curry, an Irish ward politician of the old school, as chieftain of the Wigwam. Tammany is through with nonsense, finished with Smith. Its sphere in the future is to be: first, the Borough of Manhattan; second, the Greater City; third, the State of New York. There is to be no more foolishness about crashing the Presidency. I quote from recent statements—made calmly and blandly and deliberately by the big men of Tammany.

"The political history of the organization," said Mayor James J. Walker, certain to be renominated for the office he now holds, "shows that the successful leaders of Tammany Hall, such as Murphy, Kelly and Croker, were district leaders. There is nothing too big for a Tammany leader that Democracy can give. They are the outstanding benefactors in this town.

"What is the New Tammany? The spirit of Charles F. Murphy, that is the New Tammany. As long as his memory survives, those of us who followed him will keep the party as clean, honest, and progressive as he left it."

"It is fiction, this New Tammany," said John F. Curry, now the boss. "I will carry out the policies in which I grew up. There is, and has been, just one Tammany, one organization."

ALL that is left of the New Tammany is the chaste building on Union Square which was rising as Smith was battling against Herbert Hoover. The structure must make the present leaders a little ill, when they look at it, for the building will long stand—an undesired monument—to dreams and hopes and aspirations now denied. Was there never a New Tammany? Were "Croker and Kelly and Murphy" really the true ideals of leadership? It seems to me that today's spokesmen protest too much. The facts do not bear them out.

When, because of shifting realty values on Fourteenth Street, it became necessary to tear down the Wigwam which had sheltered Croker, Kelly, Murphy (and also Boss Tweed, whom Walker did not mention), there were frequent conferences behind closed doors. And finally an astonished citizenry saw a serene and lovely building, Colonial from its pediment to the doorways on the street, take shape.

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Wide World

JOHN F. CURRY

"The new boss frowns more easily than he smiles"

It became known that the bricks were replicas, in color and size, of those at Monticello, the home of Jefferson and the shrine of Democracy. The building on Fourteenth Street had been dark and forbidding; as forbidding and gloomy as the ways of Tammany Hall. This new building was graceful, charming. It seemed to symbolize the simplicity of a Jeffersonian, not a Tweed-Croker-Kelly, Democracy. There was even a balcony, on the second floor between tall, white pillars, where a President-elect might bow acknowledgment to the populace below.

Whatever they may now proclaim, the leaders of Tammany did not design their new home as a setting for the division of spoils. Ward politics will be sadly out of place in conference rooms finished in mahogany and cream. These are rooms befitting a discussion on the League of Nations, a naval treaty with Great Britain, repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The truth is that there have been two factions in Tammany Hall for almost a decade. It obscures the issue to say that one represented Right, and the other Wrong. They represented, whatever their moral qualities, two distinct schools of political thought. One, numerically small but exceedingly powerful, saw in Alfred E. Smith the hope of a better day. At first, the thought that he might become a Presidential nominee was fantastic. But as it became an increasing possibility, partly because prohibition had offered a compelling issue, the group which was Nationally minded gained still more strength and included, strangely enough, Charles F. Murphy.

The other faction felt that for Tammany to yearn for greater things was a strategical mistake; it was like a hod carrier deluding himself with the thought of entering society. The locally minded members resented the domination of the Smith boosters, the good behavior which Presidential aspirations made necessary. They were convinced that no Tammany man could be nominated or elected, that much would be lost and nothing gained. More than anything else, they sullenly objected to the dictation of Al Smith, a dictation assisted by such outsiders as Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, Franklin D. Roosevelt, John J. Raskob, and many others.

In February 1927, with the Democratic National Convention almost a year and a half distant, five or six Tammany politicians and as many newspaper correspondents were lounging in the lobby of the Hotel Ten Eyck at Albany. The conversation, as is invariably the case at the State Capital, concerned politics. Would Al Smith get the nomination? If not, would he run again for Governor? Assuming that some one else was nominated, would Al continue to be the dominant personality in New York Democracy? Or would Jimmy Walker, whom he had made Mayor of New York City, become the outstanding member of the Hall? At this point a burly dark-haired gentleman with a very thick neck, got up excitedly and began to stride about.

"Who does this guy Smith think he is?" he demanded angrily. "Al Smith makes me sick. First off, he pretty near wrecks the organization by having a personal row with Hearst. Then he jumps on Hylan, who always gave us what we wanted, and put in Walker. All because he'd like to be President of the United States. Jimmy's all right, we know that. But who's Mayor of New York, Al or Jimmy? Hell, Al is Governor and Mayor and leader of the Hall all at once. George Olvany does what he's told. And what's happened? Jimmy comes in, and the first thing he does is put Smith's man up at Police Headquarters. This guy McLaughlin thinks he's czar. He raids clubhouses, talks big, and refuses to do anything. Don't anybody forget that he's Smith's man. Jimmy had to appoint him. And speaking personally, for myself, Smith makes me sick!"

Hearing this outburst, I watched the other Tammany men uneasily. Surely they would rend this traitor limb from limb. On the contrary, they nodded in confirmation and continued to chew their toothpicks. Nor did the legislative correspondents display the slightest surprise. It was an old story, the rebellion of the Tammany leaders against Smith. Had it been possible for them to quote this particular leader they would, of course, have dashed for telegraph wires and next day's front pages would have been blossomed with "Revolt in Tammany" headlines. But the statement, if the tirade could be thus dignified, was "off the record." Asked to give his views for publication, this Tammany statesman would have burst into glowing praise of Smith. And that, as the reader is already aware, is why political situations are seldom what they seem.

It would require a volume to relate the many other incidents which ruffled the sensibilities of Tammany's rank and file and strengthened their conviction that Presidential booms were folly. In due time Al Smith received the votes of the New York delegation, and preparations were made for the advance on Houston. The boys resolved to suppress their animosity and to

Underwood

JUDGE OLVANY

He was not the despot his role demanded

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whoop it up as loyal braves of the Wigwam. Their resentment all but faded, in fact, as they anticipated the joys of a trip on which there would doubtless be plenty of liquor. There were to be special trains, noise machines for the convention hall, songs and banners.

Then, alas, came word from the High Command that the trek to Texas was to be ultra-refined. Crusaders against prohibition, not as wets but in the name of liberty, it would not do for the New Yorkers to violate the Volstead Act in Houston. All drinking was to be left to the Southern drys. The nomination, while fairly sure, might be lost through a repetition of the rowdyism which marked the 1924 gathering at Madison Square Garden. No special trains would be run. Attendance was discouraged. The sons of Tammany obeyed, of course, for discipline is enforced in politics. But their protests were loud and heated. Ever since Al had moved to the Biltmore from Oliver Street, they said, it had been apparent that he had gone high-hat.

During the campaign, while unparalleled crowds surged into the halls where Smith was speaking, hope rose in the hearts of the leaders who dreamed that a Tammany politician, grown strong and independent, might achieve the highest office in the land. Politicians always dwell in a champagne atmosphere of optimism, and it was not long before those who had sneered at Presidential yearnings began to share the hopes. For a time the two factions in Tammany were united.

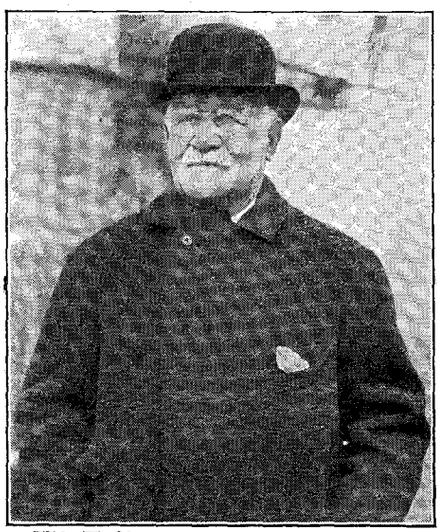
Then came the day of bitter defeat; even New York State had been lost. The Solid South was broken. It was with a great roar that the nation had voiced its unbelief in the New Tammany. On the morning of November 7, I chanced to be passing the National Democratic Club on Madison Avenue when a city official came out. I do not know whether he had been sympathetic toward Smith's Presidential hopes or not. His reaction now, however, was perfectly clear.

"Well," he said bitterly, "they kicked us in the face, didn't they? I don't know whether you believe it, but Tammany actually did change in the last five years. But the country thinks we're a lot of crooks and says there's no difference from the days of Tweed. So what's the use? We might as well get ours, here in the city, like the Republicans do at Washington."

Of course there were cries of "I told you so!" Of course the district leaders grew more vigorous, each week, with demands that something be done to put the machine back where it had once been; smooth, efficient, well-oiled. For there were disturbing clouds on the horizon and a mayoralty election would be held in the fall of 1929. The Borough of Queens, for example, had been won by the Republicans and hundreds of worthy Democrats had lost their jobs. John F. Hylan, sent into obscurity by Smith and now a bitter foe of Tammany, was threatening to make a fight for the mayoralty nomination. Worst of all, changes in population seemed to be undermining Tammany's strength.

Meanwhile, the newspapers carried reports that the Smith vote had dropped amazingly in certain Manhattan districts, and ugly rumors were abroad that the Hall had betrayed its most distinguished son. There was, I am certain, no truth in this. Tammany does not knife its candidates. The falling off was due to other causes; notably prosperity and the fact that many independents who had voted for Smith as Governor would not endorse him for the Presidency.

In 1920, the name of Alfred E. Smith was presented to the Democratic Convention at San Francisco and the papers made note of an enthusiastic "favorite son" demonstration. In 1924, during the torrid struggle in New York, Smith represented that wing of the party which would not sponsor intolerance, which favored revision of the Volstead Act. During the four years which followed his name was constantly in the headlines; a Tammany man who seemed Democracy's only hope, who challenged the time-honored precept that virtue and statesmanship are born only in log cabins. There was an issue in Smith's candidacy which transcended even prohibition and religious freedom. It was whether the city point of view was to dominate, for the first time, the rural point of view.



Wide World

RICHARD CROKER

Leader of the Wigwam in its heyday

Wide World

CHARLES F. MURPHY

His spirit is the New Tammany, says Mayor Walker

More and more, as the Democratic Party could find no other candidate, Tammany Hall stood in the glare of the spotlight. This was a city machine, run by city bosses. Its past had been corrupt. Its sins had been dragged into the daylight. What was Tammany Hall? In the minds of nine out of ten voters, even in New York City, Tammany was the Democratic organization of New York State. This, of course, is not the case. Tammany has often controlled the State, it is true, but more often its advances have been repulsed with vigor. Until the advent of Al Smith the "up-State," that is to say, the rural Democrat, had been deeply suspicious of the city organization.

The fact is that Tammany Hall does not even control the Greater City; it is a Manhattan organization, the machine for New York County. It works in fairly close co-operation with the Bronx Democracy, but across the East River there is hostility. For years Brooklyn Democrats have rallied during primary contests to the slogan: "The Tiger Shall

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Not Cross the Bridge." In the other two boroughs, also—Queens and Richmond—the hostility never completely subsides. The other leaders are always jealous. If Tammany has dictated in the past it has been because its leadership has been more adroit, because Manhattan was a compact area with a vote easily delivered. In recent years, Tammany's power has been largely the independent voter's willingness to support Al Smith.

All this, however, is history; Smith's political future, assuming he has one, is exceedingly dubious. It may be that prohibition or some other issue will call him back in 1932. His most ardent supporters concede, though, that the outlook is devoid of much hope. In brief, it is as hopeless as the plight of the Democratic Party in the Nation. For the moment, Democracy is a conglomeration of isolated units. It will continue to elect Governors and United States Senators, mayors and aldermen. And that is about all. Its voice at Washington is not even that of an effective minority.

I do not see, then, how the logic of Tammany's present viewpoint can be successfully assailed. "Idealism is swell," as a district leader might phrase it, "but how about votes and a few jobs?" Tammany's strength is New York City; its bailiwick is Manhattan. Its ability to hold the Greater City and New York State depends upon the preservation of the Manhattan Democratic vote. And here, too, there is cause for gloom. There will be many a solemn conference in the Colonial chambers of the new Wigwam on Union Square, for the voting population in Manhattan seems to grow smaller annually. What is worse, there are signs that what remains is becoming increasingly Republican.

Behold the sad plight of the election district captain whose domain once consisted of long rows of tenement houses inhabited by loyal Irish and easily persuaded immigrants! Hardly a month passes without the construction of a massive apartment house on the site of several of the tenements. On the banks of the East River, once limited to slums, rise expensive co-operative dwellings where wealthy people can enjoy the breezes—only occasionally flavored with the scent of a glue factory—of the river. On the West Side, even in the shadow of Hell's Kitchen, are fifteen-story buildings guarded by doormen wearing gold braid. In these Twentieth Century palaces, advertising "Two rooms, two baths, and kitchenette $2,000 and up," reside men and women with slight use for the efficient services of a district captain. In the old days, loyalty was assured by a bag of coal during a severe winter. Now, steam heat makes this superfluous. The young people were won over by outings of the "John J. McGillicuddy Association." But the boys and girls of these decadent days would laugh at such jollifications, or attend them in the spirit of an excursion to the negro section of Harlem. No, the influx of wealth—due to the fact that New Yorkers grow weary of suburbs and long subway rides—is making it difficult to sow the

Wide World

MAYOR JIMMIE WALKER
The Supreme Court has made him boss

seeds of Tammany loyalty. These people never desire to have some policeman transferred to the traffic squad. They get in jail very rarely, and so they do not require friendly intervention with a Tammany judge. They are brokers and lawyers and merchants. They believe in Republican prosperity, and they vote for the G.O.P. if they vote at all.

The district captain learns all this as he makes the canvass of his section. Assuming that he gets past the doorman of the new apartment house, which is improbable, his arguments fall on deaf ears. He is even treated with condescension and veiled amusement. He returns to his clubhouse in a towering rage and demands that something be done.

This may have been forgotten during the campaign. But the new perplexities assumed vital importance after Smith had been defeated. Many of the leaders, seeking some one to blame, decided that the domination of Al Smith was responsible. They had long talked noisily, but not for publication, about Al. Yet any open insurrection had been quelled by a belief, approaching superstition, that the "Happy Warrior" was invincible. Now he was out, the myth of invincibility was dissolving. Queens had gone Republican. Manhattan was changing. Hylan was a potential menace. What might happen to Jimmy Walker in November, 1929? A defeat would mean the end of the patronage dispensed by a Tammany mayor.

Shaken by these apprehensions, the leaders began to train their guns on George Olvany. He was Smith's man, elevated to the leadership of Tammany over the protest of the lesser powers. He had been a General Sessions Judge and not a district leader; he was not the ideal type represented by "Croker and Kelly and Murphy." Moreover, Olvany had been weak. He was not the despot his rôle demanded. And so, making public the news that his health had been bad, Judge Olvany resigned.

For a week or ten days, the leaders boasted that "The Day" had come. They proposed to elect their own man. The new leader might be Marty McCue, who once was a pugilist and owned a saloon. It might be Edward F. Ahearn of the Fourth District. It might be the abstemious John F. Curry of the upper West Side, an Irishman who neither smoked nor drank, who could always be found in the clubhouse, who was known as a fighter, and who had—in the past—been willing to stand on his feet and utter defiance to Al Smith. Whoever was chosen, the new boss would be one who had risen from the ranks, who understood the subtleties of patronage and the problems of a district leader. In other words, a man possessing the sterling qualities of a Kelly or a Croker.

Then, to their consternation, the leaders discovered that the magic of Al Smith had not yet vanished. On March 20, the Executive Committee met at Tammany Hall prepared to select one of their own number, prepared to end forever the disastrous aspirations of the New Tammany. Their session was not open to reporters, and no one knows exactly what went on, but somehow the election failed to take place. Perhaps they were

(Please Turn to Page 117)

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Fewer Street-Cars, Fewer Babies

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

NEW YORKERS will remember how, up to a few years ago, visitors from out of town used to go down to the vicinity of City Hall Park to gaze in amazement at what was generally reputed to be the last street-car drawn by horses in the United States. It ran across town, through Madison and Duane Streets, and looked so out of place in the city of skyscrapers and hopelessly congested motor traffic that those seeing it felt like taking another look around on the chance that there might be a mastodon somewhere in the crowd or an ichthyosaurus established in some nearby lair. The Duane Street horse-cars eventually disappeared—and now it behooves people to take a good look at the cars on Broadway and elsewhere propelled by electricity because, unless all signs fail, such vehicles will soon be as much a thing of the past in this world as the horse-cars of yesteryear.

Paris has just joined the lengthening list of cities which want to do away with street-cars. Like their confrères in New York, London and other great centers, the municipal authorities of Paris have come to the conclusion that this is the day of the motorbus—that cars running on tracks along crowded streets are no longer to be tolerated. Already Parisian traffic experts have fixed a bilious eye on the "tramway," as they call the trolley car here. Never viewed with much favor—indeed, no street-car tracks have ever been allowed in the heart of Paris—the "tramway" is now more unpopular than ever. Whereas new bus lines constantly crop up, connecting remote suburbs with the city's central points, the tendency is to decrease instead of increase the number of tram lines. As in other great cities the buses of Paris, with their uncanny capacity for wriggling their way through traffic jams, are branding as hopelessly out-of-date the lumbering trams, which must crawl laboriously along a line of rails, and, as soon as one of them becomes disabled, must stand helplessly, amid the curses of impatient passengers, until the delinquent ahead is repaired or towed ignominiously out of the way—with buses impudently circling around them.

In showing growing disfavor to trams Paris is very much in the European fashion. For a long time the trams of London, for instance, have had their nose out of joint. In the British metropolis the bus is sweeping everything before it.

An American once remarked that a London bus was the pleasantest, and a London tram the unpleasantest, public vehicle ever invented. For years, however, despite the fact that many people, Londoners and foreigners, agreed with him, the tram held its own in the fight with the bus. But nowadays the tram has all the look of a loser. Whereas buses grow constantly bigger and better, more impressive and more self-assertive, the trams seem to wear an increasingly apologetic air; they seem to scuttle along their tracks as if desirous of getting out into the suburbs, where fewer people can see them, as quickly as possible. They are plastered with placards calling attention to decreased fares, to the joys of tram travel, to the marvels wrought by "all-day tickets." Yes, London trams are actually begging passengers to use them! They have fallen on evil days. Who ever heard of a motor bus trying to attract passengers?

Go to Berlin and you have the same picture. New bus lines constantly being opened. New, mastodonic buses lumbering along Unter den Linden. Street-cars, two long lines of them, held up on the Leipzigerstrasse, while buses nonchalantly pass them on their way to the very destinations for which the street-cars—as soon, that is, as they can move—will likewise wend their way. Go to Rome and you will be surprised at the number of buses put in operation since your last visit. It is the same in Vienna—and Copenhagen—all over Europe.

IT WOULD BE bad enough for the street-car, in its fight with the motorbus, if the latter had clung to the form and size which it had when it first challenged its older rival. But the motorbus has done nothing of the sort! Every day those manufacturing it make it bigger, equip it with more powerful motors, provide its passengers with increased comfort and safety. In Paris you may see on the boulevards green buses of such astonishing length that they look like mechanical snakes; in London and Berlin there are new buses with six wheels and such a large number of additional seats as to dwarf anything of the kind ever seen on any street since buses were born. The poor street-car, meanwhile, remains its old creaking, plodding self. Nobody, nowadays, seems concerned with beautifying or otherwise improving it!

WHEN other worries fail him, the Frenchman can always fall back on the French birth rate. Let him but grow complacent over France's recovery from the ravages of the World War, over her increasing prosperity, over anything else that tends to impart a pleasant rosiness to his horizon, and, as surely as night follows day, he will be snatched from his complacency by cries of "The birth rate is falling in France!" Thus has it been with the Frenchman for years; thus it will remain, apparently, for decades to come!

Recently he was much cheered up by the news that the birth rate in Germany, France's hated neighbor, had fallen so greatly during the past few years that it had reached the same low level as that of France—that despite the yearly increase in the German population, this decreased birth rate was sure to have its effect in the long run on the German population and bring it down to within hailing distance of the population of France. But now the elation caused by this news has been dampened by another hue-and-cry about the lamentable scarcity of French babies. A noted French writer, having delved into birth statistics, warns his fellow countrymen that the increase in the French population for 1927, which amounted to 65,000, was really no increase at all, because, during that year, 84,000 foreigners became French citizens. In other words, he points out, there was in reality a decrease of 19,000 in the French population of France—the difference between the total of foreigners naturalized and the reported increase in population. So the average Frenchman, having perused the lugubrious words of this latest of pessimists, is loudly wailing today the French equivalent of "Somebody is always taking the joy out of German birth statistics!

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The Last of Our Victorians

By EUGENE A. DAVIDSON

Said one of the editors: "This picture of you and me as examples of post-Victorians is a new view. And the statement of the point of view of the younger crowd in their twenties, as well as the way of stating it, is interesting." We agree; more, it sets us to wondering about the eventual fate of various causes and credos of pre-war origin

IN A CLUB frequented by undergraduates of one of our foremost universities there are pictures of earlier classes that, no matter how many dinners are eaten under their frames, are always of interest. They can be dated not by clothes or mustaches but by the degrees of exquisite languor that apparently overtook any group about to be photographed. The gentlemen who stare from the walls lean on one another, they lie on the grass with a reflective elbow keeping their heads in the picture. And peace is with them.

But when the members of post-war classes appear there is no shady somnolence. They stand erect, or if they are seated it is obviously a transitory position. They appear not to be born to the manner of lying on green turf or of leaning against a fence, they appear to be ready to go somewhere when the photographer has finished his silly business. At reunions when the two groups meet, these differences are emphasized. The graduates from 1916 back clamor for their traditional quartets, or they sing together as they did during their four undergraduate years. The later classes have some desultory songsters, and they sing together in chapel and at commencement, but never casually, never simply because thirty or forty are gathered together. They raise collective eyebrows at the earlier classes, but of course it was a different time . . .

The men who were reaching maturity at about 1910 were, in everything but high collars, Victorian. Perhaps Rooseveltian is a better epithet with respect to purposeful biceps and clenched teeth. They were inclined to wave banners or if they did not wave them the ladies they escorted did. They sang a good deal, enjoyed unspeakably bad plays, occasionally went automobile driving, and lounged in Byronic attitudes. They had tremendously important engagements just as we have now, and then the War came and they were unable to keep them. War might come now and this cynical generation would say, "Of course that's the dirty way life goes just when you're settled." But it came to these slightly muddled and comparatively childish men and they trudged out as if to a football game.

Brown Brothers

"If they did not wave them, the ladies they escorted did"

And then they struck it. You did not have any important luncheon engagements. It was all quite in the essential. Some of your friends were dead. Not Charlie Everett who had sat next to you in history! Yes, Charlie had got his, and there were others you knew, and then, by God! there was you. You —young—with worse looking people round about—why you might lie in the mud and look at the sky and never see it.

There was a change of values. You cannot watch men kill one another and try to kill some one else and see your smug world in the same perspective. When they came back, the trenches or airplanes were rather like a dream, but the experience was there; they noticed it particularly when sitting at a desk. They did not discuss it very much with the men who had been too young to go to war. It is always difficult to describe an emotion and this had been of astounding proportions. But they were caught up in the taut industrial order, an order that had tightened into a more shining and articulated machine. They gradually adjusted to its stiff tempo, although some of them preferred commercial aviation.

Meanwhile the younger group was being disillusioned. If one word characterized the war to them it was mud. They had lisped epithets at the Kaiser and the Huns, and then they discovered that many of their imprecations had been wrongly directed. Authority, formal virtue, took on a dubious color, and prohibition bleached it of all character. It was smart to drink, a little daring, rather like a secret society ritual. So far as drinking went the two groups kept an accurate pace. The older ones before prohibition had more than occasionally drunk too much. But the newer efforts were more comprehensive. Whatever the occasion they drank too much. The stuff was likely to be unpleasant, it had to be drunk in gulps, and protests against unwarranted authority seemed more vigorous in quantity. In concentrated form release from the every-day tension is quicker and more complete. There had formerly been only the desire to color the day's work with the pastels that wine imparts, to stay half within the easy currents where one

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lived, and half outside with Bacchus. But the contemporary strains require a completer indulgence, a more intense application. You work hard and then you drink hard. So it is "bottoms up" with reference to bottles rather than glasses.

CEREMONIAL DRINKING probably departed with the War, with the blank necessity of getting immediately out of the past and out of one's self. I am perfectly aware that an increase in drunkenness is denied in high quarters. I have no statistics available and would probably be confused by them if they were to be had, but young men in the East, encountered in many cities and various provinces, drink with a curious unanimity for effects. Men who were closer to the mauve decade assure me they enjoyed wine and ale in their day. Whether time has gilded the image and diluted the beverage is not easy to say but they drink otherwhat than wine and ale now. Drinking is something to be done, with a definite state to be drunk to; there is no long preparation except perhaps in squeezing lemons. Like other phenomena of the time, it is a precision process.

A comparison of the two generations while undergraduates is perhaps as successful as any other. In many ways undergraduates are symbolic of the young men of their day, and what they do eventually filters to become a part of the youthful activities of the time. For example, the pre-war classes were not only more leisurely than the present ones, they had various credos that were typical of their generation. They had undefined but rather precise loyalties. They thought they ought to stay on the campus during week-ends; it was desertion to go off to the city during the college year, that is, if one went frequently.

In a less spectacular way they were of the "do or die for the college" type that the cinema has popularized in its "collegiate" comedies. It was referred to then as "rah rah stuff" and somewhat frowned upon, but compared with present attitudes it was very evident. The manner of living was unorganized. It was possible to have a place in undergraduate life and not to devote all one's time to competing for managerships or for a position on the team. The undergraduate could, if he wished, amuse himself without an eye to the accolade of the college letter. Life was carelessly and quietly pleasant.

TODAY'S SCENE is extraordinarily different. From the moment of matriculation there are activities which the undergraduate either joins or discovers himself among the nonentities. There is no flag waving. Football rallies are sparsely attended. So are Saturday classes. The week-end exodus leaves the university depopulated, as parties are attended in the city. While "school spirit" is perhaps as burning as it was, it is never mentioned.

All this is of course sophistication. It is a phenomenon coincident with the passing of blatant nationalism, of the William Jennings Bryan school of oratory, of "The Black Crook" as a drama and its revival as a comedy. It is coincident, too, with a certain intellectual integrity, a refusal to accept any dogma under the sun merely because it comes from authority. Fifteen years ago no undergraduate would have considered openly proclaiming his disbelief in a professorial dictum. Today an instructor would be surprised if none of his students questioned his views. And that attitude is well established. Contrast the difference between the chaperoned young ladies of the "yes, Mama" decade and the poised sufficiency of their younger sisters. Or the decorous stroll with night-life in a roadster. And while the automobile has taken young people from imminent jurisdiction of their parents, and the new sentiment toward drinking assists excesses, the automobile and prohibition are but mechanisms that push the revolt. They no more create it than a machine-gun makes a bandit.

Primarily of course there is an economic reason for our contemporary tendencies. There is money enough, distributed over a large group, to free them from the worries involved in maintaining a moderate standard of living. They have money to spend on luxuries. They can travel, they can buy magazines and radios, they can attend moving pictures, and ride in automobiles. Where wealthy men a generation ago might spend $20,000 they now spend $50,000. There has been a large increase in the capital of certain groups. Wealth and sophistication are usually interrelated. It is difficult to be intellectually swank without good linen. And while the fathers of this generation are probably busy acquiring money, their children have funds and opportunity to divert themselves.

THE UNDERGRADUATES of 1910 were the heirs of immemorial custom, of the horse and carriage tradition. They walked because there were no automobiles. They stayed on the campus because they took a traditional, though no less real, pleasure in simple and uninvolved recreation. The questioning of philosophical dogma was well under way but the later psychology was unknown to them. There were certainties —people could be counted on and peace among nations. Men who would "hit the line hard" could conquer an army that did not make use of that inspirational shout. Then came the new details. There were occurrences such as when a troop of English lancers charged the German lines and not one survived. Still that was far away until they hit the line themselves. Then the new

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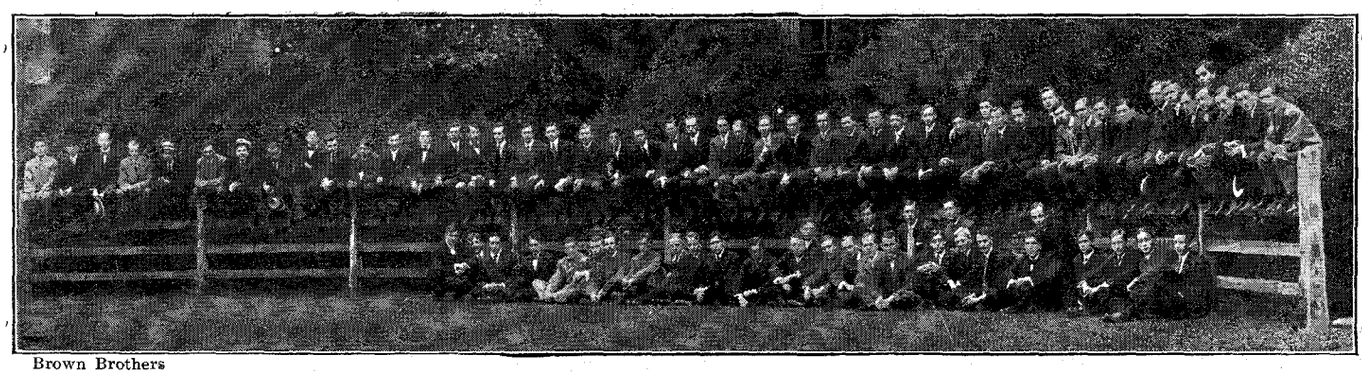

Brown Brothers

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Troubled Waters of Distribution

By MARVIN McKENDREE BLACK, JR.

The author, one of the editors of the "Annalist," sets down the results of a study of chain stores, independent retailers, and their battle for the consumer's dollar. It appears that the independent is adopting chain-store tactics with some success

FROM all sides, the glories of mass production have been heralded to the heavens. The larger the volume of goods produced, the more work for the laborers; the more work, the more wages; the higher the wages, the greater the purchasing power; the greater the purchasing power, the more goods can be bought; then suits, six pairs of shoes, five hats for all, and two cars for every family. Thus we go spinning around from one section of the country to the other, bewildered by the enormous mass of goods poured forth in a never-ending stream.

With mass production, mass distribution has followed as a natural outcome. Everywhere we turn we are directed by advertisements to buy, buy, buy, as we never have bought before. In order to distribute this tremendous quantity of goods to the consumer, the same sort of principles must be resorted to as are made use of in mass production. The striking growth within the past ten years of the chain-store movement exemplifies the fact that volume buying is the keynote of successful mass selling. Taking a leaf from the page of chain-store success, the independent merchants have also grouped themselves for mass buying, and now the battle for supremacy in the field of mass distribution waxes hot. Who will capture the greater part of the consumer's dollar, the chains or independent merchants?

The most rapid growth of the chain-store movement has occurred primarily in five lines: the grocery, the five-and-ten-cent, the candy, the drug, and the cigar chains. In more recent years, however, restaurants, haberdashers, bakeries, hotels, furniture dealers, and others have joined the procession, and are being hurried along by the rising tide of amalgamation and combination.

The nucleus of the United-Schulte combination was formed by Mr. George Whelan in 1902 when he set up a cigar store on Nassau Street in New York City. At the present time the United Cigar Stores are spread over the entire continent; tied in with the D. A. Schulte cigar stores, they make one of the largest chains in existence. Not only do these two groups own the Schulte-United five-and-ten-cent and one dollar stores, but the Whelan-Schulte interests have their hands on a number of other enterprises. Their new combination stores now offer keen competition to other chains in similar fields; the United Chemists, Happiness Candies, Park & Tilford, Huyler's, Leeds Sandwich, Vivaudou, and Djer-Kiss—all are links in this mighty chain of tobacco, drugs, sweets, food, and perfume.

Last year, the acquisition by the Hahn Department Stores of twenty-two department stores was as important in its field as the formation of United States Steel or the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in theirs. Other large chains are Kroger, with 5,260 stores, doing a business of $207,000,000 a year; J. C. Penney, with sales around $176,000,000; Kresge, with sales over $147,000,000; the American Stores, with 2,546 units and gross receipts above $137,000,000. The United Drug Company, in 1927, handled 27 per cent of the drug business in the United States, from 10,000 Rexall stores and 464 Liggett stores. Then there are the National Tea Company, with sales of $85,000,000; the Safeway Stores, with 2,020 outlets selling over $103,000,000 worth of goods a year; and McCrory, with sales of approximately $41,000,000. The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, with 16,000 outlets, is the giant of them all, with total sales in excess of $900,000,000.

THE RAPID multiplication of stores in the past two years has caused severe competition among the chains themselves. Grocery chains are entering the cigarette and tobacco field, and are likewise competing with the bakery chains; the cigar chains are competing with the candy and drug chains by adding candy and drugs to their wares. Hat chains are adding top-coats, shirts, ties, and gloves to their stores; men's clothing chains are adding women's sport goods; shoe chains are selling hosiery and knit goods. Grocery chains are turning to the sale of household utensils, meat, drugs, candy, and ice-cream; drug stores are fast becoming book stores, or department stores; the five-and-ten-cent and variety chains now serve food, and sell piece goods and wearing apparel; the department stores have become in part drug stores, and with their lunch counters are offering competition to the restaurants. Mail-order houses have opened special outlets and are competing keenly with automobile accessory chains. Where, in truth, will it end?

THIS COMPETITION the chains are carrying on among themselves has, indeed, assumed interesting proportions. Just recently, Mr. D. A. Schulte, president of the Schulte Retail Stores Corporation, delivered an ultimatum to the tobacco trade and to chain-store dealers that unless price cutting ceased within sixty days, a war of price cutting "to the bone" would be carried out in all parts of the country. The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company has been the chief offender in this regard, through its selling of fifteen-cent cigarettes for eleven cents as "leaders" to attract customers. The conflict, which has already cut sharply into the earnings of the major cigarette distributors, has drawn the eyes of the whole Nation toward it. The consumers stand to gain through lower prices, while the independent merchants rejoice as the chains try to cut each other's throat.

The development of the chains has in truth obscured the steady climb of the independent merchants to a position of importance in the field of mass production. But the days of the small retailer are not numbered, as many have seemed to think. The most interesting development of late is the co-operation of independent merchants in meeting the chains with their own weapons. The big stick of mass buying, at low cost, has been held over the heads of small retailers for a long time, but no longer do they quail before it. Taking lessons from their threatened conquerors, they have organized into various buying associations.

Instead of fighting each other, as in the days of old, the jobber, the wholesaler, and the retailer are all united in a common interest. The independent merchant is meeting the competition of

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

the chains through a variety of co-operative organizations. Group buying associations, resident buyers' groups, jobbers' associations, and other collective buying organizations have incorporated into them many of the elements of chain organization without centralized ownership. Among the most outstanding, we find such buying syndicates as the American Retailers' Association, the Associated Merchandise Corporation, the Dry Goods Union, and the Syndicate Trading Company, within the dry-goods trade. A jobbers' organization for group buying is headed by Butler Brothers, Chicago. This group aids independent merchants to set up business, and has three buying associations: the National Federated Stores (dry goods), Consolidated Stores (hardware), and the Ben Franklin League, which supplies window leaders to meet competition.

IN THE grocery trade, an outstanding example of the new co-operation among the independent merchants is the Independent Grocers Alliance. The I. G. A. has organized on a co-operative basis fifty-four selected wholesalers, operating in twenty-six States, with warehouses in 120 distributing centers, and approximately 11,000 grocer outlets. Through this organization, the independent grocer is given all of the advantages of his chain-store competitor, through centralized purchasing, while retaining his individuality. The I. G. A. is organized on the same principles that have made the chains successful. The vital element in chain-store operation is close, careful supervision by headquarters over each individual unit. Likewise the I. G. A. maintains a close supervision over the activities of its members. Not all independent grocers, however, are eligible for membership in the association. It is open only to those retailers who can qualify as to willingness to be guided, merchandising ability, financial responsibility, community good-will, and store location.

As soon as an independent grocer becomes a member of the Alliance, his store is completely remodeled and redecorated in conformity with a preconceived model I. G. A. Store. Each store in the Alliance is exactly like the others. The store is painted ivory, trimmed in blue, inside and out, to give it a neat, attractive appearance. All goods are plainly marked, and customer service is encouraged as far as possible. Every facility in the store is designed to promote maximum display and sales efficiency. All these features are carefully planned to enable retail members to cut costs. Only those items which the retailer can dispose of rapidly are placed on the shelves. The Alliance has found that the average independent grocer operating under the I. G. A. plan is able to triple his volume of sales without hiring additional help. Under the old competitive system, retailers often overstocked their shelves, and could not turn their inventories quickly enough. Now a National advertising campaign keeps the goods moving, and supplies the retailer with ready cash for working capital.

Although the I. G. A. is only two years old, the results obtained definitely prove that by intelligent co-operation the independent retailer can successfully combat chain-store competition. Last year, approximately a thousand new grocer outlets were added, and the stores now operating under the I. G. A. plan have a gross annual volume of between $350,000,000 and $400,000,000. By co-operation in buying pools, and in central merchandising service, costs have been cut and sales increased greatly. In the first six months of last year, for instance, wholesalers increased their volume 40 per cent, while retailers increased their sales 60 per cent, over the same period of 1927. Through the I. G. A. wholesalers have cut their operating expenses 3.5 per cent on gross sales. This compares favorably with the average wholesale operating cost of 10.6 per cent, estimated by the Harvard Bureau of Business Research.

OTHER EXAMPLES of the wholesaler-retailer co-operation appear in the National Retail Owned Wholesale Grocers Association, which comprises forty-two wholesale grocery firms serving about 15,000 individual retail stores, and the Merchants Service Corporation of Chicago. The latter is controlled by a score of the country's leading wholesale grocers, representing a pooled buying power of hundreds of millions of dollars. These two groups and the I. G. A., with their mass buying power, are able to compete effectively with the largest chain organizations.

The trend toward wholesaler-retailer co-operation, however, is not confined to the grocery field. The merger of a number of wholesale drug houses last fall, consummated by McKesson & Robbins, Inc., marks the first serious attempt, with a definite economic basis, to improve the conditions in that trade. Approximately fifty-five per cent of the druggists in the country do business regularly with members of the new merger, and new units are being added constantly. The purposes of this merger are quite similar to those of the Independent Grocers Alliance. Centralized management principles, mass buying, mass advertising, and mass selling—all are utilized to combat chain-store competition. This merger in a sense has created a wholesale chain, with warehouses and distribution depots in strategic centers, and some 23,000 retail customers.

THE IMPORTANCE of the wholesaler in the drug field is again emphasized through the Druggists Research Bureau. This organization of 25,000 retail druggists was formed for the purpose of collective research, by means of which they hope to evolve standards of stock control, store management, and operation, comparable in effectiveness to those developed by the chains. Already the chain idea of merchandising has spread like wild-fire among the independent druggists; it is estimated that 80 per cent of the country's 52,272 drug outlets now warm themselves by the cheering flames of co-operative buying.

Incidentally, conditions among the chains are not so happy as statistics would seem to indicate. All was not well with the chains last year. Total sales, it is true, marked a gain of 19.1 per cent over 1927, but that is only half the story. A great part of the increase in sales was due to the fact that some of the larger chain systems increased the size of both their old and new stores. As a result, such fierce competition developed among the chains themselves for favorable sites in established shopping areas that rents have mounted rapidly. For instance, grocery rents have advanced from 2 to 3 per cent of sales; drug rents from 5 to 9 per cent; variety stores, from 4.5 per cent to 7 per cent, with proportionate advances in other chain-store rentals. The most outstanding example of the effects of inter-chain competition among the variety stores is furnished by the F. W. Woolworth Company. Although Woolworth increased the number of stores from 1,581 to 1,725, sales increased only 5.3 per cent over the previous year. Woolworth has felt keenly the effects of having rigidly adhered to

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The Trend of Events

Power in the Press

BROADLY VIEWED, the investments of more than $10,000,000 made in thirteen newspapers—the Boston "Herald," Boston "Traveler," Chicago "Daily News," Chicago "Journal," and others—by the International Paper and Power Company represent but another stage in the far-advanced process of putting the press on a strictly business basis. That process is not only depriving many newspapers of individuality, vigor, and the crusading spirit; it is altering the public attitude toward the press; it is encouraging a re-evaluation of newspapers in general and increasing appreciation of those still individualistic, courageous, and independently owned. The change in the press may be natural and inevitable, but so is the change in the attitude of the public.

That the Paper and Power Company, as A. R. Graustein, its President, declares, acquired interests in these dailies to clinch contracts for newsprint may well be believed. That in itself indicates the purely commercial spirit invading newspaper ownership. But it is impossible to believe that the press is quite unaffected when partly owned by utilities with which it may be called upon to deal in news and editorial columns.

Doubtless, the Company will avoid interference with newspaper policies, as Mr. Graustein says; certainly it would be poor business to seek to make any newspaper a mere loud speaker for power propaganda. But newspapers can be influenced without direct attempts to influence them. For example, is there an editor alive who, however free of dictation from the business office, would campaign for public operation of utilities, if his paper were owned in large part by a private power company?

Possibly newspapers should be compelled to amplify their periodic statements of ownership, but other than this the Federal Trade Commission's inquiry into the International newspaper holdings seems to offer no new field for legislation. Even if the right of a utility or any other kind of large corporation to invest in a newspaper were denied by law, it might still be possible to control the newspaper indirectly.

After all, the important thing in this case is that the extent and nature of the International's newspaper investments have been broadcast. Becoming familiar, the facts lose much of their disturbing potentialities. A newspaper partly owned by a power company is no menace to sound opinion and information so long as the public knows who the owners are. Henceforth, of course, the papers in which the International has interests will be closely scrutinized. Frank E. Gannett seemed to realize this when he ended the International's connection with his Brooklyn, Ithaca and Albany publications.

Wide World

JOUETT SHOUSE

"No man better fitted to head permanent Democratic organization in Washington," says Chairman John J. Raskob

Mr. Graustein has declared that competitors of the International have assisted in financing other papers. Which competitors? How have they assisted? Which papers? Let's have the whole story.

Except during the last two weeks, the Federal Trade Commission's investigation into utilities propaganda has received all too little publicity.

Alloyed Altruism

THE PROTOCOL of 1925, forbidding the use of poison gas and bacteria in warfare, affords but a sheepish example of the idealistic influence for good in the foreign policies of the United States. This protocol was introduced and briskly advocated by American delegates to an international conference; delegates from other nations were speedily persuaded to sign it.

Some days ago, France and Germany exchanged ratifications of the protocol, which automatically became effective. If a treaty can prevent them, said the protocol in effect, such deadly gas assaults as that first one in April, 1915, which took the lives of 39,000 soldiers, will never occur again. Through the protocol of 1925, Germany and France, led by the United States, have renounced the use of poison gas.

But wait. Germany and France have renounced it; the United States has not. The protocol our delegates brought back from Geneva in 1925 was smothered to death in a pigeon-hole of the United States Senate. We introduced the protocol, fought for it, persuaded other nations to accept it; then we ourselves abandoned it. Presumably we thought it a fine thing for every other nation but our own.

It is true that Germany and France, having adopted the orphan protocol, may profit thereby. Nevertheless, assayers of this sample of American altruism may discover a few impurities.

Shouse at Headquarters

JOUETT SHOUSE is to dress the Democratic ranks and set officers and privates marching to the tune of the Marseillaise. Permanent party headquarters in Washington—to carry on research, publicity, and organization work—are his to command. His title is Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee.

It is to Mr. Shouse's advantage that he believes there is much to be said on both Democratic sides of a question. He belongs to neither the Southern nor the Northern, but to the Mid-Western, faction of the party. A McAdoo booster in 1924, he was heart and soul for Smith in 1928. He is a Kansas City man, but his farming interests teach him the worth of rural virtues and votes. A banker, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, he knows the value of money—no liability in his new job. Neither practical politics nor silk-hat statesmanship is strange to him. Both Congress and the Kansas Senate have housed his talents. Apparently he has no enemies.

Now that it has a year-round instrument with which to present its policies,

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the Democratic party lacks nothing but policies. National Committee Chairman Raskob promises that the country will be efficiently introduced to "doctrines as set forth by . . . Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and Woodrow Wilson." But the Democratic press frequently has pointed out that the need is not for handsome generalities, but for specific issues, arguing that for a minority party improved publicity and organization are of less consequence than solid planks for a platform.

A year ago, Governor Smith asked party leaders to apply Jeffersonian principles "unflinchingly" to problems of the day. Unless they heed this advice, unless, at any rate, they are able to agree on at least a few outstanding issues, Mr. Shouse may find that he has very little to say and every facility with which to say it.

▸▸*Wet-Dry News of the Day*

WET-DRY ITEMS with which the news still bulges in the tenth year of the "experiment noble in motive" indicate that prohibition is making more new enemies than new friends. Occasionally a Missouri confirms its dryness by refusing to repeal a State enforcement act, but on the whole the drift is away from Jones-Volsteadism.

Thus we witness the formation of a committee of two hundred writers and illustrators, representing nineteen States, to co-operate with the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. Thus we hear the announcement by the anti-prohibition Voluntary Committee of Lawyers, Inc., that American attorneys seem to run about five wets to one dry, and the further announcement that lawyers' associations in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and elsewhere are advocating the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Thus we read that, while few of the many thousands of entrants in the Hearst contest to find a substitute for prohibition advocate the return of the saloon, nearly all the plans submitted after the passage of the Jones act have denounced that measure.

Weed in the New York Evening World

Good Methodism!

True, the growing anti-prohibition host finds much in the news to displease it. For one example, there is the refusal of an Illinois Grand Jury to indict the deputy sheriff who shot and killed Mrs. Lillian De King during a raid on her home in Aurora. For another, there is the proposal of Senator Jones that ordinary citizens caught smuggling intoxicants into the country be tried under his five-and-ten law, instead of merely relinquishing the liquor and five dollars for each bottle, as at present.

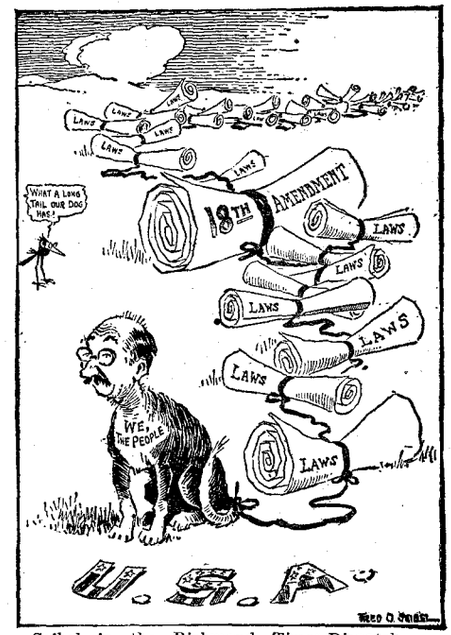
But there are compensations. Doubtless there was some wet rejoicing when Senator Copeland chastised the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals for striving to control legislation and for asserting that he had voted dry by its request. Then, too, there is the statement of a Federal Grand Jury in New York, which opposed allowing Congressmen free entry at our ports and hinted that prosecution might have been possible had agents obtained samples of the liquor which, they assert, Representative Morgan admitted bringing into New York on March 25.

Apparently the Grand Jurors do not know of the substitution of confiscation and fines for prosecution in the case of non-commercial importers. Neither did Senator Jones until a few weeks ago.

▸▸*Dry Fervor*

IF AN ACCEPTABLE, enforceable system of liquor regulation is to be instituted in place of Volsteadism it must be done despite the perfervid opposition of extreme drys. Naturally enough, their intensity rises as their extreme doctrine crumbles.

How high it has mounted appeared when members of Congress applauded a speech describing the killing by a policeman of the driver of a rum-car. It appeared again when Bishop Cannon found it "a healthy indication" that Congress should "thunder its applause of a speech defending an officer trying to enforce the prohibition law."



Seibel in the Richmond Times-Dispatch

"The most lawless people on Earth!"

It appeared again when Deets Pickett—he edits the cracker-dry "Clipsheet"—advertised his "thrill of appreciation" at the shelling of the I'm Alone. It appeared again when the Rev. Melbourne Boynton, of the Anti-Saloon League's National Council, declared that prohibition would not be a political issue were it not for the propaganda of wet newspapers, backed by the liquor interests, and added that censorship of the press may not be far away "if the wet newspapers keep up their propaganda for lawlessness."

It appeared again when Dr. Ernest H. Cherrington, general secretary of the World League Against Alcoholism, said that heads of families do not care to take youth to Canada, "where temptation is not only open, but is fostered by the Government." It appeared again when the Rev. William P. McGarey, an Anti-Saloon League field secretary, told a Rhode Island audience of the mutilation of a man by a mob in Georgia and, if correctly quoted, added: "I would rather take my place with that Georgia mob before the White Throne of God than be a citizen of Providence who did nothing about the liquor traffic."

The influence of such prohibition leaders is undeniably large. Fortunately, it is, after all, smaller than the space the press accords their sensational statements would indicate. Nor is the peculiar flavor of their statements apt indefinitely to increase and solidify the following of these leaders.

In between the extreme wets and the

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extreme drys stands a powerful group of citizens anxious to see the liquor regulation problem brought closer to a workable solution. This group rarely gets its opinions into the headlines, but in the end it usually gets them into the laws. Sooner or later its liberal and moderate conclusions on prohibition are likely to prevail.

▸▸*Bigger Big Business*

BIG BUSINESS grows bigger. Big businesses multiply. The United States Steel Corporation reports net earnings this quarter of $60,000,000, a peacetime peak. William Fox, of the Fox Film Corporation, tells radio listeners that the better part of $2,000,000,000 is invested in the cinema industry, but that the best is yet to come. Senator Fess broadcasts pleas for his bill persuading railroads to unify, lest they be compelled to.

Huge national organizations internationalize, absorb foreign plants, join the European cartel movement. Some exports zoom up to dizzy figures. More than 800,000 motor vehicles of American design were sent abroad last year; a million—the total production of 1915—may be sent abroad this year. Where great size brings disadvantages, plans of partial decentralization, such as that instituted by the W. T. Grant Company, with its 300 stores, are evolved to overcome them.

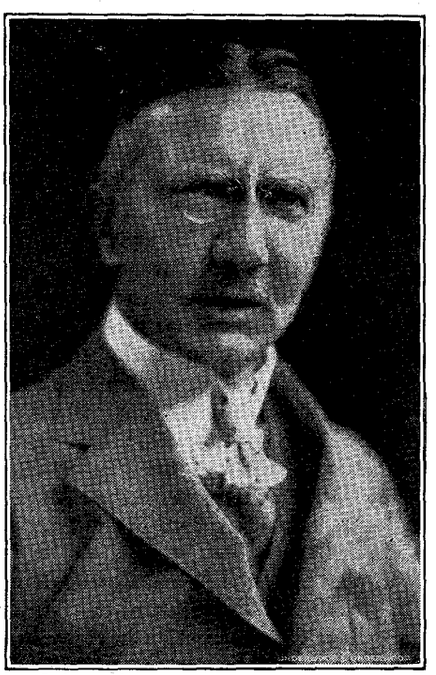
Anti-trust laws are taken with a grain of salt. The Attorney General has ruled that the American Petroleum Institute's plan of restricting 1929 oil production to the 1928 level "would possibly constitute a violation of the Sherman Act"—the exception proving the rule. Like many others, leaders representing the coal, lumber, and oil industries openly demand that anti-trust provisions be loosened to suit modern conditions. Now that millions of Americans hold securities in corporations having hundreds of thousands of stockholders each, an old-fashioned trust-buster would find himself unpopular.

Nevertheless, some doubt is expressed that all's right with the world of finance and trade. Professor Watkins of New York University, speaking recently before an audience of business men in New York, admitted that big business had increased material well-being, but deplored its influence on the humanities. Paul D. Cravath, of Wall Street, went further. Big business, he said, is "perhaps the most serious menace in economic and social life as it affects the American people in our age." It imperils social institutions; it has reduced most of our city population "to relatively happy, prosperous clerks and unskilled laborers without any civic spirit."

He was quick to add that any attempt to solve the problem by law or force would be futile. It is the "human factor" that worries Mr. Cravath. He points to a subject that will be ever more deeply pondered as time and big business roll on.

▸▸*Looking Forward*

GOOD WISHES will follow the yellow wings of a French monoplane when it takes off the latter part of May to trail the Spirit of St. Louis from New York to Paris. It is two years to the month since Lindbergh's hop—auspicious omen. Moreover, during their preparations the two French fliers, Lotti and Lefevre, have displayed Lindbergh-like modesty and good sense—a promising sign.



Underwood

DR. HJALMAR SCHACHT

Director of the Reichsbank and head of the German delegation to the Reparations Conference in Paris

The season for long flights opens. Commander José de Barros, ambitious to be the first South American to fly the Atlantic, has left Brazil for Europe; he will attempt a hop from Rome to New York. In Sweden, Captain Ahrenberg prepares to bring a Junkers plane from Stockholm to New York early in June, stopping for fuel at Iceland, Greenland, and the mouth of the St. Lawrence River.

Silver cigars as well as airplanes will reward summer sky-gazers. A second American cruise is scheduled for the Graf Zeppelin on May 15. Hard on its heels is to come Britain's giant new dirigible, the R-100; then its sister ship, the R-101. That the United States also is interested in the development of dirigibles is indicated by the announcement that Lieutenant Commander Rosendahl, for three years skipper of the Los Angeles, had been transferred to the Rigid Airship Squadron at Lakehurst, New Jersey, to train officers and men. The first of the two huge American dirigibles to be built will be completed in 1931.

Developments in the practical side of flying advance at a steady clip. The bugbear, fog, will shortly yield to science, according to Lindbergh, who predicts that pilots soon will be able to land safely without seeing the ground. The problem of taking off and landing in small space is promised speedy solution by the Spanish "windmill" plane, now said to rise almost vertically.

Would airplane passengers like to telephone home and make sure the oven has been turned off? It can be done. A telephone connection between a plane and the ground recently was made over Plainfield, New Jersey, and the reception at both ends was reported perfect. What more can an air-conscious public ask?

▸▸*Looking Backward*

THE MODERN WORLD looks zestfully forward. But it also looks reverently backward, and sometimes it sighs. A generation keyed to stream-lines has its connoisseurs who pass appreciative hands over the scrolled and rosetted carving of rococo Chippendale. There are still private collectors willing to pay as high as $44,000 for a single piece, as a New York auction has shown.

While airplanes write new records across the clouds, archaeologists rediscover forgotten history; we like to be reminded of civilizations whose beauty and glamor were different from our own. In Palestine, excavation has revealed remains of a synagogue at Beth Alpha, containing mosaics by which the history of art will be enriched, and from which, scholars hope, it may be possible to trace the origin of the Jewish race.

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In Rome, modern pumps are busy in Lake Nemi, from whose receding waters appears one of Caligula's famous galleys, immersed for nineteen centuries. Edgar Saltus wrote that Rome's mad emperor "sailed to the hum of harps on a ship that had porticoes, gardens, baths, bowers, spangled sails, and a jewelled prow." Is this a palace of that sort?

Constantly increasing prices are being paid for old masterpieces. It causes little comment when, at Christie's, in London, a Van Dyck brings $86,000 and a Rembrandt $78,000. But surprise is expressed when, in the same auction rooms, the famous Ancient Roman Portland Vase fails to bring the expected half-million or the stipulated quarter-million and is withdrawn from sale.

Architects and historians familiar with the Panama City flat arch, a seventeenth century architectural marvel, are gratified to learn that the Municipal Council has voted to purchase it, thus snatching it from real estate dealers who planned to tear it down to make way for a modern building, and preserving it for posterity.

▶▶*Finis*

NOTHING, HOWEVER, could save the Waldorf Astoria. The grand old lady, whose heyday spanned the years between America exuberant and America sophisticated, has gathered up her red plush folds and withdrawn. The obliterating steel curtain drops and the audience files out in silence.

The Waldorf belonged not alone to New York but to America. Everyone knew it; everyone warmed to it. Visitors from all parts of the country asked to have it pointed out to them. Those who were rich or venturesome enough went inside to dine amidst its marble and gilt, have tea in the palm garden, dance in the Jade Room, or simply sit in the massive chairs of Peacock Alley. Kings had slept in the Waldorf; Society had glittered there—it was unmistakable that the hotel had received them, not only as paying, but as honored, guests.

The fine, expansive day of coaches and four, champagne cocktails, and Bradley-Martin balls has passed; the Waldorf could not survive. Its corridors were wide enough for mutton-leg sleeves; too wide for efficiency. Its taxes had mounted to $1.25 a day a room.

Down came the auctioneer's hammer; while the last diners sadly filched hotel spoons to hand down to their grandchildren.

▶▶*Florida Swats the Fly*

IT IS WAR in Florida. The deadly citrus fly, which has been threatening a valuable fruit crop, is the object of attack. No Egypt, Florida, to submit to a series of plagues. Recovering from the ravages of storm, the State marshals forces to attack the new menace before it has done its worst.

Nor is Congress a Pharaoh, to harden its heart in time of stress. The Senate dropped farm bills, debentures and all, to agree with the House on a measure providing $4,250,000 in the interests of swatting the fruit fly.

There need be no harking back to B. C. to bring home the marvel of Twentieth Century methods in dealing with winged enemies. But a few generations ago, Florida might have wrung its hands and lost its crop. Today police and special pickets, Boy Scouts, the American Legion, and the National Guard are mobilized to enforce the necessary quarantine regulations, patrol streets, destroy fly-attracting refuse, and stem the tide of infected fruit by inspection of in-coming cars.

Entomologists are at work to discover the source of the plague. They rack their brains for means of assaulting the pests, which are of a particularly hardy nature. If Florida does not speedily get the fruit fly under control it will not be from want of trying.

▶▶*Visitors from Space*

DR. W. J. LUYTEN of the Harvard College branch observatory at Bloemfontain, South Africa, reports that he has measured an iron meteorite which recently fell from the skies, and estimates it to weigh seventy-five tons. This would make it the largest known meteorite of the world, larger by twice than the famous Cape York meteorite Peary brought back from Greenland. Many of similar proportions no doubt lie under the soil in various places and at least two—the one which must have struck in Arizona in prehistoric times and excavated the famous Meteor Crater, and the one which Professor Kulik recently attempted to investigate in Siberia—are vastly larger. These, however, are believed to be aggregates of small and large pieces and must have ranked as comets before they fell. A shaft is being sunk at this moment to reach the comet of Meteor Crater because of the platinum it is thought to contain.

Thirty million meteorites end their

Wide World

PASSING OF THE WALDORF

The last dinner has been served and the last guest registered. Auctioneers are now disposing of the furnishings of the famous hotel which will be torn down the last of May

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travels at the earth's extension every twenty-four hours. People often marvel that this machine gunning of the earth does not cause more damage. Were these thirty millions of projectiles as large as Dr. Luyten's new find in South Africa we should all have to be subterranean dwellers. Fortunately nearly all of them are about the size of a grain of wheat; more rarely as large as a nut. Such an object whizzing through airless space at twenty-five miles a second (fifty times the speed of machine gun bullets!) suddenly strikes the earth's atmosphere and burns up by friction against the air molecules before coming within thirty miles of our heads. Let one be larger and it may reach the earth before it dissipates itself. Hence the few large examples we see in museums.

Professor E. H. Sellards of the University of Texas reports an unaccountable phenomenon: a great meteor recently passing over Texas gave out a "shhh" and a whining sound. Yet it was moving far faster than the velocity of sound. Thus it acted altogether contrary to theory and scientists are at a loss for an explanation.

▸▸*Textile Troubles*

MANY CRITICS have directed attacks against the textile industry as managed, or mismanaged, in New England and Tennessee, center of violent industrial disturbances.

Ethelbert Stewart, United States Commissioner of Labor Statistics, frankly declares that the textile mills are as badly off as the coal producers, and "are in the hands of men no more competent to solve their problems." He attributes the blame to unscientific overproduction and inefficient marketing, as well as to foreign competition and skimpier styles. Insistence on feverish production by hands employed for long hours in night and day shifts, he finds, has not been accompanied by improvement in distribution. Hours of employment have increased tremendously since 1920, but wages have been cut from 26 to 41 per cent.

When the textile manufacturers emigrated to the South, it was first argued mainly that the new location would place the mills nearer their source of raw material. But the chief benefit sought was cheap labor. The recent strikes, however, indicate that the mountaineers of Tennessee and the Carolinas belatedly subscribe to the doctrine that the laborer is worthy of his hire.

Disapproval of conditions in North Carolina cotton mills has led the Taylor Society, advocates of scientific management, to cancel arrangements for its spring meeting at Charlotte, N. C. The organization "has long since put its seal of condemnation upon stop-watch and stretch-out systems for grinding more work out of underpaid and speeded-up workers."

Many southern spokesmen express suspicion of northern manufacturers bearing so-called "efficiency" to Dixieland. Writing in the Fountain Inn (S. C.) Tribune, Robert Quillen says:

"I resent the publicity that urges manufacturers to come to South Carolina, where labor is cheap . . . . I had rather see half the property of this State destroyed by a cyclone than to see an invasion of manufacturers whose chief motive is to save cost by working our people for less than a living wage. All civilization rests on prosperity—all culture on surplus. To keep wages low is to keep mankind low."

Ewing Galloway

BARCELONA OPENS HER GATES

Four columns in front of the Spanish Government Building at the Barcelona International Exhibition of Arts, Industry and Commerce which has just been inaugurated

▸▸*In Brief*

GREAT BRITAIN signifies her willingness to discontinue the use of submarines in warfare, which is to say, a celebrated swordsman signifies his willingness to discontinue duelling with pistols . . . Co-eds at Northwestern University are smarter than male students, statistics indicate. They cannot very well indicate how kind some instructors are toward co-eds . . . Chicago, having seen ninety-six public officials and private citizens indicted in one day, begins to wonder whether, after all, you can't indict a whole people . . . Those who believe that slang springs full grown from the tongues of the common people must have been astonished to note how many slang phrases owe their existence solely to the late Thomas A. Dorgan, the cartoonist "Tad." . . . Pennsylva-

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nia, reflecting that Mr. Vare has been out in the cold for more than two years, grows impatient at having but one Senator. It might be news to some other States—for example, New Hampshire, Idaho, and Alabama—that they each have more than one . . . Colonel Ayres, Cleveland banker, describing the practice of some corporations of lending money for stock speculation, manufactured an adhesive phrase in his "invisible banking" . . . So did Frank Sullivan, humorist, when he referred to a Federal dry agent as a "Mabelman" . . . The Mexican church-state controversy is to the fore again; General Calles, having put down the major revolution, is stamping out minor ones, and there are reports of attempts to assassinate him. A Mexican Harding would call it a return to normalcy . . . The United States lately played hob with Maude Royden's lecture tour because she smoked, but, largely because of smoking by women, our cigarette production has increased about seven per cent a month this year. It seems we reach for a cigarette, censure other reachers, and enjoy both . . . Mathematicians at Massachusetts Tech deny that the latest Einstein Theory is unintelligible. They have read and digested it; more, they have pointed out deficiencies in it. Massachusetts is contrary, as usual.

Receiving the Laetare Medal from Notre Dame, ex-Governor Smith was described by Mr. Hoover as a great public servant. In no other country would a single election deprive so eminent a public servant of so much political power.

▶▶*The Week's Press Opinion*

NEWSPAPER EDITORS have lately been scattering their shots. They have found within range such targets as farm aid, the movement to oust Secretary Mellon, the agreement to arbitrate the case of the I'm Alone, reparations, the purchase of stocks in newspapers by the International Paper and Power Company, and of course prohibition. For the most part they have been firing in the general direction of Congress, and they have spared neither Senators nor Representatives.

For its part in farm aid legislation and the attempt of a Senatorial group to find Mr. Mellon ineligible for the Secretaryship of the Treasury because he owns corporate securities, the Senate in particular is not just now in the good graces of the press.

For the time being at least the vote of 367 to 34 by which the House of Representatives passed the Farm Board Bill embodying the ideas of President Hoover has been accepted by the press as evidence of the President's leadership. The Senate's debenture plan evokes scarcely a word of defense from the writers of editorials. On the contrary it is pretty generally denounced as futile and purely obstructive. Newspaper editors warn the Senate that farm aid is not and should not be a political issue and that the spirit of obstruction is trying the patience of the country.

It may be true that some farmers' organizations look askance at the President's plan; but that is because those organizations are afraid of the responsibility which that plan places upon them and would prefer to have the Government bear their burdens; but the press does not believe that most farmers want to lose their independence and self-direction. Country weeklies quoted by the St. Paul "Pioneer Press" are for the most part in favor of trying Mr. Hoover's remedies. A few are skeptical, and one or two are cynical; but the rest want the Hoover plan tried promptly. The sooner therefore the Senate falls into line the less will be the loss in Senatorial prestige. In fact the country, if the press represents it, is pretty well tired of farm relief agitation and wants it over and done with.

And the press, if not the country, is out of patience with the attempt to discredit Mr. Mellon because of his stock holdings. On this there is no party division. Important Democratic dailies are as outspoken as any Republican organ. This is not for love of Mr. Mellon. But almost universally it is recognized that it is absurd to require a Secretary of the Treasury to dispose of all his investments before he takes office. If the law says he should, then the law should be repealed; but it is quite generally doubted that the law—even though it is ancient and dusty—says anything of the sort. It was passed when business was simple. Its framers could not have contemplated the application of it to modern conditions. It was never applied to such men as McVeagh, Gage, Shaw, Cortelyou, McAdoo, Glass, and Houston; and it ought not to be applied to Mellon. The press calls on the Senate to put an end to what one newspaper terms a childish vendetta.

Of itself stock ownership is not equivalent to control or management, and therefore does not disqualify a public official; but in large blocks it does involve an influence with the corporation whose stock is involved. For that reason newspapers, sensitive to anything that threatens journalistic independence, are disturbed at the sale of newspaper securities to a great paper and power company. Without impugning anybody's good faith, editors regard this as a "dangerous precedent," a "dubious venture," and "unfortunate entanglement." The fact that, in one case at least, securities have been repurchased from the paper and power company shows that newspaper opinion has its influence at least with newspapers.

For once the House of Representatives, which has in recent years become the more popular branch of Congress,

Remarkable Remarks

We are a free and liberty loving republic. — WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

It is true that under Prohibition much that is deplorable has occurred.—W. R. CASTLE.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has no lobby in the City of Washington or elsewhere.—DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

France is the most alcoholized nation in the world, and what we call "public morals" is what they have not in France.—BISHOP JAMES CANNON, JR.

It is extremely difficult to appeal to the idealism of anybody who wears a union suit. — HEYWOOD BROUN.

I consider the most diplomatic feat I ever accomplished was when I evaded drinking champagne with the Governor of San Andres.—GIFFORD PINCHOT.

A good man is enormously better than a good dog.—PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

One fault with college education is that it steals the most valuable years of one's life.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

Love is like General Motors stock: when it goes up, the whole market rises.—CLAUDE ANET.

The main distinguishing characteristic of the New Tammany adherents was that they tried not to pronounce the word "sperls."—EDWARD HOPE.

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has received a lashing from a section of the press. A policeman in Washington trying to stop a truck suspected of carrying liquor shot at the tires and gasoline tank of the truck and by accident killed the driver. The action of the officer was applauded in the House. Anti-prohibitionists among newspaper editors have denounced this applause in scathing phrases—"brutal and perverted bigotry," "ghoulish applause," "sinister development," "baleful eruption," "maniacal zeal," "sadistic emphasis,"—and even some newspapers inclined to support prohibition enforcement declare that killing does not further the cause of prohibition but rather discredits it. Yet what, it is asked, can an officer in such a case do? In this instance the police were crowded against an obstruction by the escaping truck and then almost blinded and suffocated by a smoke screen. Are bandits and bootleggers to be allowed the privilege of using the methods and weapons of war with impunity?

In the case of the I'm Alone, the sunken bootlegger on the high seas, the issue is to be decided by arbitration with Canada. Opinions on the merits of that case differ; but opinion is practically unanimous in approval of letting such an issue be settled by amicable methods. We are getting accustomed, evidently to thinking again in terms of international law.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HAD HOPED that feminine capacity for congressional service would be subjected to a serious test at the present session of Congress. With eight instead of four women constituting the 1929 bevy, we had anticipated that there would be opportunity for them to dispel the masculine belief that a Congresswoman's place is in the home, except, perhaps, when a chivalrous constituency sends her to finish out her husband's term. We did not think mere numbers would supply statesmanship as well as strength of view and voice, since that quality is frequently lacking in the 423 members of the opposite sex, but it was natural to suppose that the ladies might become more articulate and assertive.

There were more cogent considerations that led us to look for a real experiment. Two of the four new members—Ruth Hanna McCormick and Ruth Bryan Owen—had passed their lives in a political atmosphere, and Mrs. Ruth Pratt, the third of the "remarkable Ruths," as the wags refer to them, had served an apprenticeship in that most worthy finishing school, the Tammany Board of Aldermen. None of the three had received her office as a husbandly legacy, and all had been forced to fight for both nomination and election among a world of men. Whereas most of their predecessors had been elected as the widows of members, and had simply tried to carry on the family name here, these three, we expected, would speak and strike out for themselves.

It is, of course, no secret that our Congresswomen up to the present have been a rather ineffective group; they have contributed little or nothing to deliberation or legislation. They have left no deep imprint, beyond the vivid memory of Jeannette Rankin's tearful and understandable vote against the declaration of war in 1917, and they have been outrageously shunted aside by leaders on both sides of the aisle.

But the feminine failure, we have concluded, rests largely in the Schopenhauerish solicitude of the men, who have not given the ladies a chance to be anything but themselves. From Speaker Longworth down to the reading clerk, the men refuse to concede the contention of sincere suffragists that there is no sex difference in political or legislative ability; they will not accept the women as political entities rather than spirits apart. The Speaker's voice, for instance, assumes an unwonted tenderness when he recognizes or addresses one of his feminine colleagues; there are those mean enough to suggest that his undiplomatic demand that the House become the "dominant body of the Congress" was inspired by a desire to play to the feminine gallery. But "Nick" is not the only offender against the experiment in political equality.

The House, to our mind, is no longer the brusque and bedlamish place it used to be; manners are milder, voices less virile. There has been no old-fashioned, ugly set-to this year; the men are on their best behavior. When such a parliamentary watch-dog as Fiorello La Guardia of Harlem waives "the right to object" because of the "charming appeal" of Mrs. Owen, and the House applauds his transformation into a Sir Walter Raleigh, we cannot credit passage of her bill—which drew great headlines in the press—to her ability so much as to her femininity.

Though we hesitate to offer advice in such a situation, we would suggest that the lady members beware of their colleagues' drawing-room manner. They may pay heavily for it; Mrs. McCormick may not get the appointment to Naval Affairs Committee which she seeks, and Mrs. Owen's application for assignment to Foreign Affairs may be denied. Messrs. Longworth, Tilson, and Snell, and other members of the Committee on Committees, may be kind and considerate in little things, but we venture that they will reserve places on these really influential bodies for the dominant sex. If the ladies are ever to become effective figures in the House, they must insist on better committees and not so much chivalry.

We do not mean to be pessimistic, and we still hope that the test will be made. Even in expressing our fears and making recommendations to hurry the happy day, we take into consideration that the Session is still young, and that the House may crack under the strain of a period of protracted politeness.

We do not like to detract from Alice Longworth's reputation as official Washington's wittiest woman, but we get word that some of her "best lines" are mere relays of remarks of Mrs. William E. Borah, wife of the Senator from Idaho. Mrs. Borah's recent newspaper articles on the social and political goings-on here indicate that her pen is as eloquent as her husband's tongue. According to our informants, the Circe of Massachusetts Avenue frequently visits Mrs. Borah in the morning, and eight hours later the tea tables buzz with her comments as carried by Mrs. Longworth. We do not mean to imply that Alice does not give credit; it is probable that her reputation as a wit so overshadows Mrs. Borah's that the gossips name Mrs. Longworth as the source in their retelling. We do know that the fanciful suggestion that a certain eminent magazine writer was "weaned on a pickle" was first made by a well-known physician, who found it more economical and effective than laughing-gas in taking his patients' minds off their troubles.

A. F. C.

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Do You Believe in Free Speech?

An Editorial

DO YOU believe in free speech? You probably honestly think you do but has your faith ever been tested? This faith is part of our conventional Americanism. It is written into our Federal Constitution and the constitutions of our several States. But not one in a hundred really believes in it. Indeed Constitutional guaranties have been abrogated and interpreted away whenever powerful interests or public opinion were against the ideas seeking expression. But this has been so, not because the laws passed to maintain freedom of opinion were weak, but because only an insignificant number of individuals have ever really believed in freedom of expression. Such an attitude is a high, moral achievement, attained to by but few. The overwhelming majority of us are for free speech only when it deals with those subjects concerning which we do not feel strongly, about which we have no intense convictions.

A vivid illustration of the superficialty of a good deal of the homage paid to the principle of freedom of expression was reported in the daily press a few weeks ago. Among those who have been most insistent on this traditional American right of free speech and have fought heroically to maintain it, no group has been more conspicuous than our social radicals. In recent years no group of them has been more bitterly and persistently assailed than the Communists. They have been hated by authorities and citizens alike. Their meetings have been hated by authorities and citizens alike. Their meetings have been broken up; their speakers have been clubbed; their leaders have been thrown into prison. They, like many other groups whose rights have been invaded, have appealed to the Civil Liberties Union and other agencies, seeking to maintain the Constitutional rights of all. Again and again their defense has been "Free Speech." Here, surely, one would think, were men who believed in the right of every man to say what he wished on the great issues of the day. But note the sequel:

A few months ago there began to be dissension in the ranks of the Workers' (Communist) Party here in the United States. The party, as a reflection of the Communist Party of Russia, had a Trotskyist opposition. But the American Communist Party was controlled by the Stalin faction. Following Stalin's method, they began to force all Trotsky sympathizers out of their places of leadership within the party and in some cases out of the party itself. One of these Trotsky adherents, James P. Cannon, could not be silenced. He and his followers issued a paper, "The Militany," in which they presented their side of the struggle. They were forced to do this as the regular party press was in the hands of the Stalin group. Then they began to hold public meetings both in New York City and elsewhere.

Here the real trouble began. The usual places for holding Communist meetings were not open to them. In this situation, they appealed to Labor Temple, an institution of the Presbyterian Church, which has ministered especially to the industrial workers. Ever since its organization this Church at Fourteenth Street and Second Avenue, New York, has steadily maintained the right of all groups to be heard, no matter how unpopular those groups might be. Mr. Cannon and his aides secured permission to hold their meeting at Labor Temple.

It was held but there was a deliberate attempt on the part of the Stalin group to break it up by force. A near riot ensued and the police were called in. They were quite prepared to protect the meeting, but the Trotsky group were unwilling to speak under the protection of the "Capitalist Police," so the meeting was adjourned.

But neither Mr. Cannon nor the committee in control of Labor Temple was content to let the matter drop at that point. Another meeting was therefore scheduled. Arrangements were made by the Labor Temple management for ample police protection. Rumors were rife for days in advance that this second meeting would be attacked vigorously. The Civil Liberties Union was appealed to and sent representatives to the meeting, as did also the I. W. W. After several disturbers had been ejected from the hall, and the police had battled vigorously to keep the streets in front clear, the meeting was called to order. Only the continuous presence of the police prevented the Stalin group in control of the official Communist Party from attacking en masse.

The whole incident revealed how little one group cared for the principle of free speech when that principle threatened its supremacy. And it led the executive officer of the Civil Liberties Union, which has defended many a Communist, to ask the Communist Party if that is the official Communist method of disposing of meetings which contravene their wishes.

However, in this incident most of us can see ourselves. We believe in free speech in the abstract, but we believe in it in the concrete only when the subject discussed does not interest or concern us unduly. The conservative is ready to stop the radical when the latter's utterances are at all effective; and the radical will silence the conservative when he has the power. The men and women who are ready to give a respectful hearing to all opinions, even those with which they do not agree, are very, very few.

The men and women who are ready to protect the preacher of doctrines they detest in his right to preach them are still fewer. There are few Voltaires who can say "I hate what you say, but I will defend with my very life your right to say it." But until some such spirit becomes the rule rather than the exception, there will be no such thing as free speech in any critical time, or on any critical subject. Laws will not bring this about. There are laws enough on this subject already. On all our great social questions there must come the same candid search for truth which now marks the realm of physical science. Real progress along these lines will be snail-like until men can have deep convictions without losing the capacity to hear and consider their opposite. Free speech is a legal principle. In a far deeper sense it is a spiritual triumph.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

Where Is Mankind Going?

The distinguished contributors to this weekly editorial page constitute not only our list of witnesses to the progress of existence, but its interpreters as well. Mr. Chaffee is Director of Labor Temple. James Harvey Robinson, historian and author of "The Mind in the Making" and many other books, will be the next contributor

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Price-Earnings Ratios

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

THE INVESTOR is paying $1.60 today for a share in American industry that he could have bought two years ago for $1.00. He is willing to pay it, for competitive bidding for a participation in the Nation's industrial growth has grown to undreamed of proportions.

The comparison is not based upon the bare price of securities but upon the value behind the stock as shown by the ratio of price to earnings per share.

This ratio is one of the standard bases for comparison of security values. A stock selling at $100 a share, for example, with earnings equal to $10 per share, has a price-earnings ratio of 10. Another stock selling at $150 a share and earning $10 a share would have a price-earnings ratio of 15. Because of weaknesses inherent in the use of dividend yield, the price-earnings ratio has been adopted as a more reliable gauge of the worth of individual stocks. In other words, the buyer is investing in a unit of earning power. The prospects of two companies being equal, he receives more value for his money by buying a stock with a ratio of 10 than one with a ratio of 15.

Since 1923 there has been almost a constant, general lifting of this ratio. The movement has been most pronounced during the past three years of the bull market. A comparison of the ratios of 1926 and those of 1928 is perhaps the best proof that rising prices of securities have been caused not simply by changing conditions within the various companies but also, and probably to a greater extent, by increased demand, whether by speculators or investors.

The comparison is made on the basis of March 1 prices (a date late enough to reflect the previous year's earnings but too early to be affected much by the trend for the current year), and per share earnings of the preceding year.

A random list of forty industrial stocks on the New York Stock Exchange had a price-earnings ratio averaging 10.6 on March 1, 1927. On the same date this year, the average ratio for these same shares was 16.9, an increase of 6.3 points.

Expressed in other terms, the buying power of the investor's dollar declined approximately 60 per cent in two years. For one dollar's worth of earning power on the 1927 basis, he had to pay $1.60 this year.

The same inflation in security prices is true to a lesser degree in railroad shares. The ratio on thirty-five of these stocks averaged 13.9 on March 1 this year, compared with 9.5 on March 1, 1927, an increase of 46 per cent. The unit of transportation earnings that costs $1.46 today could have been bought for $1 two years ago.

The following tabulation of prominent stocks in the railroad, utility, oil, automobile, mercantile, steel, food, and aeronautical groups shows the ratio of price on March 1, 1924, 1927 and 1929, to earnings per share in 1923, 1926 and 1928.

	1923	1926	1928
Atchison	6.4	7.2	11.1
N. Y. Central	5.9	9.9	18.1
American Tel.	11.6	14.4	17.8
Con. Gas N. Y.	7.0	10.6	24.7
Standard N. Y.	25.9	16.4	17.4
Vacuum Oil	11.8	10.6	16.6
General Motors	5.6	8.6	13.6
Montgom. Ward	5.9	10.5	29.1
Woolworth	9.4	17.4	22.3
U. S. Steel	6.2	8.8	15.3
Bethlehem	8.6	6.7	16.1
Postum	8.2	12.8	22.9
National Biscuit	10.2	15.5	25.0
Curtiss Aero	——	25.8	38.5
Wright Aero	8.4	10.6	34.7

Limited though it is, the table illustrates the effect of basic conditions in several industries. The comparatively small advance in such an investment stock as Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway indicates the retarding effect of Government regulation, the abrasion of the freight rate structure, the threat of recapture of earnings, and the uncertainty over the valuation question exemplified in the St. Louis & O'Fallon case.

At the other end of the list, the aeronautical shares disclose the effect of limitless optimism in a developing industry, in a period when growth seems fast enough to make room for all comers; when faith in the future creates a demand for the stock that discounts rosy eventualities far in advance.

The regularity in the oil ratios follows the industry through its periods of booming prosperity and adversity.

It is noteworthy, too, that the four aces of the Exchange, Atchison, American Telephone, General Motors, and U. S. Steel, were among the cheapest in ratio of price to earnings, and three of them were well below the general average. Many explanations may be advanced. An obvious conclusion is that late speculation has been diverted to other companies in the search for opportunities equal to those that developed in these four.

The further deduction may be made that deflation is due in the great body of stocks unless public demand continues and is justified by growth in earnings.

Certainly any stock selling at more than sixteen times earnings must show very real prospects for development that will bring the earnings into line with price.

But apparently there has been a fundamental change in the criteria for judging security values. Widespread education of the public in the worth of equity securities has created a new demand. Not only have individuals bought stocks for their own account, but they have intrusted a huge fund to investment companies. Well over a half billion dollars has gone into investment trusts within the past six months for buying diversified shares.

Colonel Leonard Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Company voices the opinion that there has been a change in the mind of the public rather than in the condition of industrial companies. This change is demonstrated, he believes, in the fact that the public is paying twice as much today as it was willing to pay three or four years ago for the same unit of earning power. Half of the gain in common stock prices in the past six years has occurred during the last fifteen months which has been the period of greatest growth for the investment trust. The dominant belief of investors today is that over a period of years the direction of earnings will continue upward. The public is employing more care in the choice of investments and is much less readily shaken out of the market on temporary reactions.

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Beethoven: A Biography

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Previous chapters of Mr. Schauffler's biography carry Beethoven through the stormy years of his rise to a fame as secure as that of Haydn and Mozart. This installment tells the story of the great composer's excursion into opera, and his recovery from that fiasco to achieve new heights of brilliant creativeness

IN 1804 Beethoven was engaged both on the "Waldstein" sonata[1] and on the work which came unofficially to be called the "Appassionata."[2] These are the most brilliant of the piano sonatas. Like the "Kreutzer," they are almost concertos without orchestral accompaniment. In them, even more than in the G major and "Emperor" concertos, virtuosity is successfully fused with creative inspiration.

Some years after it was written Schindler was artless enough to ask Beethoven "the meaning" of the "Appassionata" sonata. "Read Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' " was the laconic reply. Commenting on these words a critic asserted that Beethoven could surely never have read beyond the title of Shakespeare's play, or he would not have made such a senseless remark. And nearly all subsequent critics have echoed this observation.

Perhaps these writers themselves could not have read "The Tempest" with much imaginative intensity. If it is necessary to paste literary labels on masterpieces of music, the first movement of the "Appassionata" might well characterize a benignant amateur sorceror like Prospero. The tempest and trouble in it are indulgent make-believe. While as for the *finale* there is a Shakespearean grandeur in its ferocious ravings. It is as if we were overhearing the incoherence of a desperate Lear as he shouted:

"Blow winds and crack your cheeks, rage! blow!"

Ries was in at the birth of this movement. Beethoven was spending the summer at Döbling, near Vienna. Every morning after breakfast he would say: "Come, Ries, let's take a few minutes' walk." Which usually meant that after several steps the Master would be seized with an inspiration and would chase it all day

"Thorough bush, thorough brier,
over park, over pale,"

with poor hungry Ries slogging along stubbornly in his wake. On this particular occasion they did not get back until nearly eight at night. "He had all the time been humming and sometimes roaring to himself, high and low, but without singing any actual notes. When I asked him what was up, he said: 'I have just thought of a theme for the last movement of the sonata.' As soon as we reached his room he stormed over to the pianoforte without even taking off his hat. I sat down in a corner and he forgot me at once. For an hour or so he raged through the glorious new *finale* of the sonata. When at length he got up he was astonished to see me, and said 'I can give you no lesson today, I must go on with this.' "

From the Audio-Graphic roll of Beethoven's life, by permission of the Aeolian Company

BEETHOVEN
(Woodcut by K. Leigh-Temperton after a portrait by K. S. Stieler)

A work like the "Appassionata" *finale* is like a pearl, because it represents a self-defense against something that gives its maker pain. How fortunate that he was the son and grandson of a drunkard, that he was small, pock-marked, ugly, diseased, helplessly impractical, ferociously untactful, unable to win the lasting love of women, deaf, jealous, insanely suspicious! If he had been the opposite, his pearls instead might have been of the ten-cent store variety bequeathed us by his contemporaries.

One misfortune was spared Beethoven at this time. He did not suffer neglect. In the nine years since the publication of Opus 1, unaided by modern journalism and press agents, he had arrived. Every one ranked him with Haydn and Mozart. He could not catch up with the orders that poured in. A friend wrote: "He demands and they pay." Publishers at home, and as far abroad as Scotland, competed eagerly for his manuscripts. In 1803 Zulehner of Mayence announced a complete uniform edition of his works for piano and strings. Two years later a Viennese publisher did him unparalleled honor in printing a complete, classified catalogue of his compositions.

His concertos and sonatas had become established everywhere in the repertory of the professional pianist. The German and Austrian amateurs recklessly stormed their lesser heights. We even read in a French musical journal of the day the assertion that there are in Paris "quelquefois des Amateurs qui croient les jouer" ("sometimes amateurs who imagine they play them").

More personal tributes were not lacking. One evening Disciple Ries called in for a lesson, but found a beautiful young woman sitting on the sofa with the Master. Discreetly he made to withdraw. Beethoven held him back, and urged: "Play a little." Ries had the impression that the lady was ruffled, perhaps by some too sudden initiative on the part of the Master, who was now trying to placate her. After the pupil had played Beethoven's works a long while, he heard from the sofa back of him: "Ries, play some love-music!" Then, after a bit, "something melancholy." Then, "something passionate," and so on.

When she left, Ries was astonished to hear that Beethoven did not know her name; only that she was a lover of his music who had dropped in to get acquainted. The two men rushed out into the moonlight and followed her at some distance. But suddenly she vanished.

"I must find out who she is and you must help me, Ries!"

Long afterwards they learned she was the sweetheart of a foreign prince.

1. C major. Op. 53.
2. F minor. Op. 57.

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What more could a composer ask than such public and private tributes as these? One thing more: not alone to have his works played, but to have them well played. His growing deafness was assuredly a blessing in disguise. The sonatas were terribly difficult for the fingers of those days; and they must have been murdered wholesale.

In a Sketch Book of 1805, between fragments of "Fidelio," we find one of those scribbled remarks with which Beethoven used to ease his mind: "Finale still simpler. Piano music likewise—God knows why my piano music always makes the worst impression on me,—especially when badly played."

The same year he complained by letter of an orchestral performance of some of his music in which "all *pp, crescendo,* all *decres,* and all *forte, ff* have been elided—at any rate they are not played. All delight in composing departs when one hears it [one's music] played *thus!*"

During September, 1805, Beethoven published a setting of Tiedge's poem, "An die Hoffnung." It was one of those seeds destined two decades later to give forth the Joy theme in the "Choral" symphony.

AND NOW, having surpassed Mozart in the symphonic and chamber music fields, Beethoven set out to triumph over his illustrious predecessor in opera as well. He began casting about for a suitable libretto.

For a long time it seemed as though this libretto were published at the sign of the foot of the rainbow. And Beethoven was no gullible treasure seeker. First and last, he considered and rejected, among others, these subjects: Romeo and Juliet, Alexander the Great, Macbeth, Bradamante, Romulus and Remus, Dragomira, Faust, Alfred the Great, the Founding of Pennsylvania, Melusine, the Return of Ulysses, Bacchus, and the Ruins of Babylon.

He was always combing antiquity and the Dark Ages for an opera subject. Once he even threatened to write a libretto himself. It was fortunate that he never stumbled into the field of Teutonic mythology. For he probably would have done little more than take the edge off the Nibelungen Ring subjects for his doughty successor, Richard the First-and-Last.

Many versifiers offered him their services. One of them was a Dr. Helmuth Winter, who admitted that in himself "a very wild and tempestuous imagination is inborn." He felt that his librettos were bound to "cleave a way to glorious immortality for the musician. If the music of Shakespeare and Schiller inspires you, you must have been born for my poems." This admission reminds one of the American bard named Elshemus who, a few years ago, used to advertise himself extensively as, "the grandest, sweetest, vastest poet of all time." Winter was the Austrian Elshemus.

PRINCE CARL LICHNOWSKY

But Beethoven turned from these allurements to "Leonora, or Conjugal Love." This was the only unset libretto he ever found which made a genuine appeal to him. It was a fair specimen of the so-called "Rescue" drama in vogue in the late Eighteenth Century. The original French text, by Bouilly, was done into German, less for better than for worse, by Sonnleithner, and called "Fidelio."

"Fidelio" was produced in November, 1805, only to be withdrawn after three representations. Its failure is usually laid to the fact that the Viennese aristocracy had recently fled before the advance of the Napoleonic troops. These had captured the city. And these had supplied the bulk of the audience. But a study of the original three-act score of the opera, with its paralysis of action, and its dramatic ineptitude, suggests a more cogent reason.

The following month, some of Beethoven's devoted and intelligent friends put their heads together and conspired to achieve the impossible. Meeting in Prince Lichnowsky's palace at noon, they labored until one in the morning with the violently obstinate composer, to induce him to make numerous cuts.

At first Beethoven cried "Not one note!" He seized the score and would have fled. But Princess Lichnowsky, half kneeling, embraced him and solemnly adjured him to make "Fidelio" safe for posterity. "Beethoven, it must be. Give in! Do this as a memorial to your mother! Do this for me, for your trusted friend!" Beethoven looked long at the Princess, and then cried, with a sob in his voice: "I will—I will do all—all; for you—for my mother!" He lifted the Princess to her feet and gave her his hand to seal the promise.

Vastly improved by its reduction to two acts, the opera was produced again in 1806, and drew increasingly. But Beethoven, besides being unversed in business affairs, had the suspicious temper of the deaf. He went to the impresario, Baron Braun, and complained that he was being cheated. According to Roeckel, who overheard the interview, the Baron assured Beethoven that his employees were above suspicion. He explained that up till now only the first rank stalls and pit had been occupied. Soon he hoped that revenue would come in from the upper ranks.

"I don't write for the galleries!" cried the Master. "No?" said the Baron. "My dear sir, even Mozart was not above writing for them."

Cutting short the argument, Beethoven sprang to his feet and shouted in a wild rage: "Give me back my score!" The Baron rang and ordered an attendant to bring it. "I am sorry about this," he said, "but I think that when you have had time for calm reflection—" but without paying the least attention to these words Beethoven snatched the huge book and rushed out.

This quarrel turned out later to have been highly fortunate. In 1806 Beethoven's eyes were too near the dramatic canvas to make a really effective revision of "Fidelio." But for the set-to

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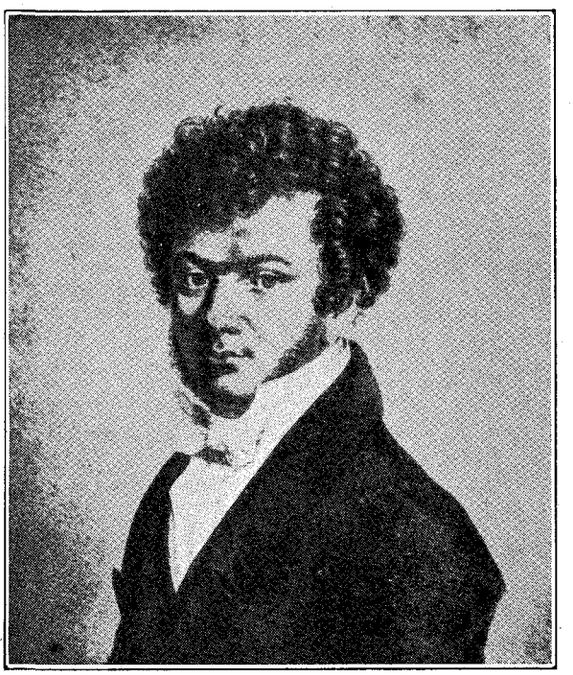
with the Baron, the opera might have crystallized in that stage and never been improved. As it happened, by laying it aside for eight years, he gained so much in perspective and mastery over his materials that, after expert rewriting of the text by Treitschke, he took it in hand again and improved it immeasurably. Since the third production in 1814, it has enjoyed a vigorous life in Germany and Austria, and has never been wholly dead even to the American operatic repertory.

But in spite of the beautiful and inspiring pages liberally strewn through "Fidelio," it seems unfortunate that Beethoven ever developed dramatic ambitions. His genius was leagues from suiting the boards. He was too hopelessly out of touch with the world of action to collaborate successfully in representing action on the stage. True, he had a vivid dramatic gift. But it was only for the interior psychological drama that is alien to the footlights and back-drops. If Wordsworth's thoughts were sometimes "too deep for tears," Beethoven's were usually too deep for words. "His most important states of consciousness," writes Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan,[1] "what he would have called his 'thoughts,' were not of the kind that can be expressed in language."

This is one reason why, though he wrote many lovely things for the human voice, Beethoven was not essentially a vocal composer. Consciously or unconsciously he resented the cramping effects of the singer's limited range, and the still more cramping effect of words upon the infinite art of music.

He was, moreover, too intelligent not to realize that this bad influence, like the traditional mule, works both ways. Most composers are usually absorbed too exclusively in their own art, and, not being poets, they are too ignorant of the highly perishable subtleties and delicacies of word music, to realize when their own effects are destroying those of the poet with whom they seek to collaborate. Though Beethoven occasionally used words with rare felicity, he had an uncertain taste in poetry, and often sinned grossly in this regard. But he was enough of an all-around artist to feel this, though he may never have formulated it in thought. And this feeling may have been a factor in his somewhat less than whole-hearted attitude toward vocal music.

So opera composition went against the grain. He accomplished it slowly, painfully, and spoke of winning thereby his "crown of martyrdom." The process exhausted him correspondingly. "This business of the opera," he complained during the last revision, "is the most tedious in the world. I am dissatisfied with most of it, and almost every piece in it is patched. It is a very different matter when one can give one's self up to one's own free reflections or inspiration." Though parts of it give us Beethoven at something like his best, the completed "Fidelio" was far from justifying the precious expenditure. Except for two of its four



FERDINAND RIES

overtures, "Fidelio" does not rank with Beethoven's supreme works. It cannot claim such an exalted place in dramatic music as the sonatas, quartets, and symphonies take in the instrumental field.

Beethoven was of the type which the psychologist of today calls the "introvert." His eyes and his mind were directed inward. He was too absorbed in the drama being enacted on the subjective scene, to enter with any great heartiness into the joys and sorrows and little affairs of any persons, actual or fictitious, who were not reflections of himself or his complexes.

His passionate hatred of dissipated women led him to condemn Mozart for having set such frivolous books as "Figaro" and "Don Juan." It led him to endorse with corresponding heartiness the wifely devotion and heroic self-sacrifice of the virtuous Leonora. A factor in this heartiness may have been his own ardent longing for conjugal love, coupled with some dim recognition of the fact that any woman who became a successful Frau Beethoven must needs possess the blind devotion and selfless courage of a Leonora.

When, amid the rather commonplace wastes of the first act, Leonora at length has a chance for self-expression, the real Beethoven suddenly comes into action, and her resplendent aria shines out with the startling and solitary refulgence of the evening star in "Tannhäuser," when it gleams through the dingy scenery of a one-night troupe. This is one of the most luscious bits in all pre-Wagnerian opera. Its tenderness, its spine-thrilling heroic quality could have been conceived by no one but the man who led the "Eroica's" Hero theme up to the two splendid climaxes of the development, and created the coda of the Funeral March. Other high lights are the introduction to the second Act, Florestan's touching aria, the grave-digging duet, and the quartet which decides the hero's fate.

Fidelio's supreme service to æsthetic history, however, was done in turning Beethoven's attention to the dramatic overture, a field in which he brilliantly shone. There is more real dramatic art in the two "Leonore" overtures than in the entire bulky score of the opera for which they were successively designed as preludes.

Scholars have differed earnestly about the order in which the four overtures to this opera were composed. But the balance of probability seems to be that the composition known as "Leonore" No. 2 was first written for the initial performance in November, 1805, and No. 3 for the 1806 production.

Whenever the latter was composed, it was so grand as to dwarf what followed. It was as if a perfectly good play by Henry Arthur Jones should be prefaced by the most immortal act on the same theme that Shakespeare ever wrote. Little by little Beethoven came to realize this fact. So the indefatigable man dashed down the broad and pleasant "Leonore" No 1, for a projected produc-

1. "Beethoven, His Spiritual Development." 1927.

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tion of his opera at Prague in 1807, afterwards abandoned. Finally, for the revision of 1814, he cynically turned out the piece now known as the "Fidelio" overture, a cheerful, breezy, graceful little thing, leagues from the sublimities of No. 3.

Beethoven has often been lauded for letting the fashionable enthusiasm of the day turn from him to its new idol, Rossini, without making one effort at conciliating the trashy popular taste. But the unbiased listener to this composition and to the end of the "Egmont" overture, (composed four years earlier), must recognize with regret what every one can recognize in the deplorable "Battle of Vittoria" (written in 1813)—a bid for the favor of the Rossini enthusiasts.

In the "Leonore" overtures Nos. 2 and 3 Beethoven began to liberate the overture and set it on its own feet with: "Man, help thyself!"—just as grandpapa Bach in his suites, those ancestors of the symphony, loosed dance music from its slavery to the dance floor.

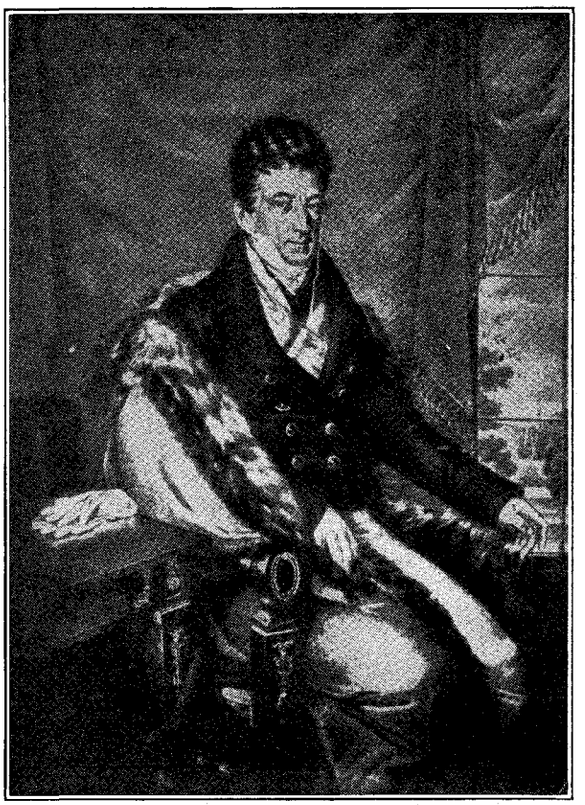
His emancipative activities went further. By successfully insisting on receiving a royalty instead of an honorarium for "Fidelio," Beethoven helped to free the operatic composer from financial subservience and to place him on a more professional basis.

AFTER SUCH a catastrophe as the collapse of his operatic dreams in 1806, another would have yielded to vain regrets and the lassitude of discouragement. Not so the little giant from Bonn.

This modern Antæus leaped up from every knock-down like a god refreshed. He was the most resilient of mortals. There was never a blow so savage as to bow his head for more than a moment. It merely summoned fresh blood to the teeming brain. The man never wrote more triumphantly than on the rebound from catastrophe. And now, in 1806, he picked himself up from amid the ruins of his hopes, and plunged on into one of the most astonishingly, consistently sustained and vital creative periods ever achieved by any artist since Tubal Cain.

Among the all but undecipherable notes in a certain Sketch Book one comes upon these blindly scribbled words: "The great distinction of a superior man; steadfastness under grievous misfortunes." That of the most superior man, he might have added, is a quality of still higher distinction: resilience. Any ordinary talent, as we have remarked, would have been prostrated by the "Fidelio" fiasco of 1806, and would have recuperated slowly, if at all. This giant took it in his elastic stride. He turned defeat into victory by presently bringing to light such a Nibelungen-horde of sheer masterpieces as the world of art has scarcely ever known.

But the first part of the romantic search was carried out in the dark. Sunlight and sparkle were to come later. In



COUNT ANDREAS RASOUMOWSKY

self-defense he cached his grief and disappointment, his unsatisfied passion, his nervous irritability and despair in the stark *finale* of the "Appassionata," which appeared in 1807. Then, eagerly, instinctively, he turned to another form of psychic healing—escape. On that spiritual airplane, the quartet, so long neglected, he got clean away to an enchanted and undiscovered land.

Perhaps one reason why Beethoven's music, especially at this the height of his second period, is so successfully therapeutic for us, is that it was therapeutic for him. There are few more potent vehicles of defense against, or escape from, pettiness, disappointment, disaster, and sorrows of all kinds than his works during this period.

A catalogue of them, say from the "Waldstein" to the "Harp," makes astonishing reading.[1] And all these glories were put on paper between early in 1804 and late in 1809. Six years of almost perfect creation! Thayer says that the last half of this period, 1807-09, was "unquestionably the happiest in the last half of his life." The professional myth-makers and purveyors of biographical crêpe, misled by the passing mood of the Heiligenstadt Testament and the eloquent epistolary lamentations of his more or less fleeting darker moments, would have us believe that he was already the morose and melancholy person of his closing years.

Far from it. At this period his naturally cheerful, buoyant temperament had not yet been sicklied o'er by a pale cast of almost total deafness. His fame was growing brilliantly. He had a delightful, devoted circle of friends. He had as much of the love of women as a man of his age and handicaps could reasonably expect.

Above all he had the continual bliss of triumphant creation. True, we know from the evidence of the Sketch Books, that his process of composition was unusually long, tentative, and full of painful misgiving and savage self-criticism. Yet the final results of such travail must have stood out in his consciousness all the more luminously from the dark background of their evolution.

A short time before the "Fidelio" catastrophe, by some suspicious chance, Count Rasoumowsky, the Russian Ambassador to Austria, commissioned Beethoven to write him three string quartets. This music-lover's half-Cossack father came, like Beethoven, "from the people," and owed his rapid rise to a love affair with Empress Catherine II. The Ambassador married Princess Lichnowsky's

1. See in this succession of musical miracles how he kept up the scoring!

Opus 53 "Waldstein" sonata
Opus 54 F major sonata
Opus 55 "Eroica" symphony
Opus 57 "Appassionata" sonata
Opus 58 G major concerto
Opus 59 Rasoumowsky quartets
Opus 60 Fourth symphony
Opus 61 Violin concerto
Opus 62 "Coriolanus" overture
Opus 67 Fifth symphony
Opus 68 Pastoral symphony
Opus 69 A major violoncello sonata
Opus 70 "Geister" and E flat trios
Opus 72 "Fidelio"
Opus 73 "Emperor" concerto
Opus 74 "Harp" quartet

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elder sister and made his luxurious palace in Vienna a center of musical life.

In 1808, two years after Beethoven had weather-proofed this nobleman's name by inscribing it upon Opus 59, Count Rasoumowsky founded the famous Schuppanzigh Quartet. Weiss, his old associate of quartet days in the Lichnowsky palace, played viola. The Count himself officiated capably at second violin. While the violoncello was brilliantly handled by Linke, a slightly deformed young man whose playing Beethoven especially liked.

Czerny declares that Beethoven "pledged himself to weave a Russian melody into each of the quartets." But from what we know of the Master's savage independence in matters of outside interference with his art, it would seem more probable that he introduced these tunes of his own accord, out of compliment to the Russian patron. So far as we are aware he used only two: one in the *finale* of the first and the other in the third movement of the second quartet. How completely he Germanized and Beethovenized the latter may be judged from Moussorgsky's highly Muscovite use of this tune in the Coronation scene of "Boris Godounov."

Comparing these revolutionary Rasoumowsky quartets with the half dozen dedicated in 1801 to Lobkowitz we find two epochs in vivid apposition. This contrast is as sharp as that of the Second symphony with the "Eroica;" as a periwig with real hair; as a formal garden with a naturalistic garden; in a word, as the rococo period with the romantic.

True, the Lobkowitz quartets here and there prophesied the ripeness, the depth of thought and the intense emotional power of the later ones. But since the turn of the century, Beethoven had grown mightily in wisdom and artistic stature.

The chief characteristics of these Rasoumowsky quartets are wealth and depth of ideas, a noble objectivity, such brilliant effectiveness for concert purposes as none of his chamber music had yet shown. They have an air of inevitability that makes the most surprising dramatic contrasts seem to grow out of one another as by some law of nature. There is such a revolutionary mastery of form that technic becomes invisible. One immediately notices the almost orchestral variety and power with which these pages inform the small group of fiddles; so that one is sometimes tempted to call them quartet-symphonies.

Here is a new, severely Olympian disregard of the traditional expectations and petty comforts of listener and performer. When Schuppanzigh came to him, complaining about technical difficulties, Beethoven impatiently retorted: "Does he really suppose I think of his puling little fiddle when the spirit speaks to me and I compose something?"[1]

A lightly wielded but overpowering force streams from almost every bar of the F major. Once the 'cello has opened the proceedings with the soaring power of its broad-pinioned tune

we are so completely under the spell of this man of might that we can endorse his angry exclamation on hearing that Napoleon had beaten the Prussians at Jena, October 14, 1806: "Too bad! If I understood the art of war as well as I do the art of music, I'd crush him yet!"

The *scherzo allegretto vivace* which continues this pioneer work offers a bewildering profusion of paradoxes. Here is merriment laced with tears; melancholy twinkling with joy; mock poverty that pares its melodic expenditures down to a single famous tone; a tropical luxuriousness of melody such as had never before been crammed by the most prodigal hand into a single movement; pain that tiptoes on the frontier of pleasure.

The creative listener is never done exploring the possibilities of this fascinating, capricious *scherzo*. It was apparently flung upon paper with the amused ease of a veteran angler dropping a light leader full of brilliant flies exactly over the post-graduate old trout, through the overhanging alders fifty yards up-stream. But if we look into the Master's Sketch Books we learn, on the contrary, what hard writing made this easy hearing. For the amateur fiddler—including the second fiddler—once he has struggled through the tangle of technical barbed wire which guards the Rasoumowskys, there are few more inexhaustible delights. Even after hundreds of performances. What is more, the note-weary professional finds these pages constantly renewed for him.

If reader's time and Outlook space were more elastic, one would like to go in for the pleasure of detailed remarks about the sustained, sad loveliness of the *Adagio molto e mesto*. And about the tremendous onward drive of the *finale*, with its rhythmical subtleties. And about the other two quartets.

Instead, let us consider only a few high points, such as the majestic calm and wide sweep of the *Molto adagio* of the second Rasoumowsky in E minor. Czerny says that the theme of this movement occurred to Beethoven one evening "as he gazed at the firmament and thought about the music of the spheres."

The C major, the third of the series, is sometimes called the "Hero" quartet. Its only particularly heroic portion is the tremendous *finale*, the Master's first and finest combination of the fugue with binary form. As far as mood and largeness of conception go, this movement might perhaps end the "Eroica" more satisfactorily than the "Prometheus" variations have ever been able to end it. And it has an undeniably symphonic quality which cries aloud for masses of strings and winds.

(Please Turn to Page 118)

1. Beethoven began the F major quartet (Op. 59, No. 1) on May 26, 1806, the day after the shame and sorrow of his brother Karl's marriage with Johanna Reiss, a woman of easy virtue. Ludwig took this event sadly to heart, and must have started the quartet as a means of escape from his chagrin.

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The Leisure Arts

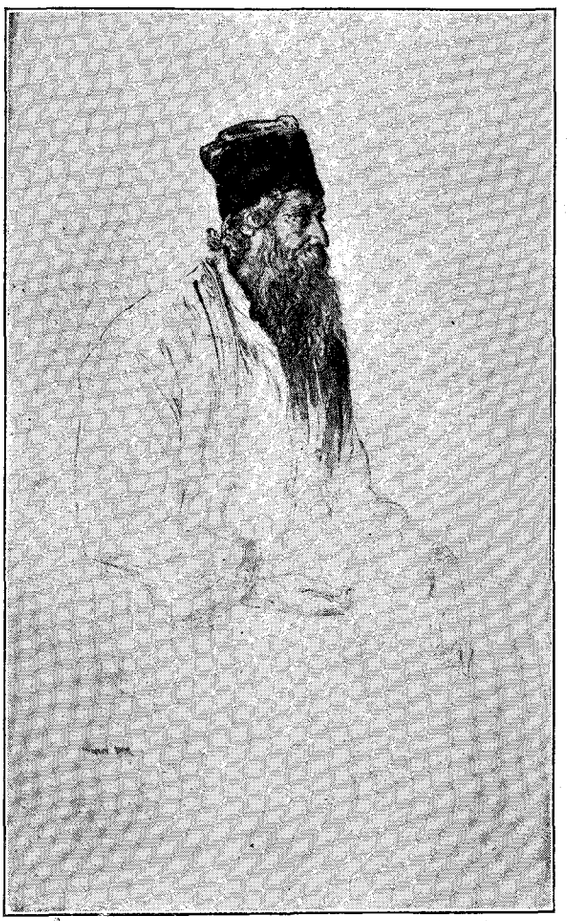
Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Full Stop

The Intimate Journal of George Sand. Translated and edited by MARIE JENNEY HOWE: John Day. Published May 9. $3.50.

THE documents which Mrs. Howe, already esteemed for her excellent biography of George Sand, has translated for this volume, were withheld from publication by the Sand family for more than fifty years after their author's death. There has been recently a revival of interest in George Sand; in her personality, not in her novels which survive only as examples of a school of literature. She has become a sort of patron saint of "advanced women;" a canonization not without its funny side. But there is nothing funny about George Sand as a great soul. Even more completely than from the finest biography, her personality emerges from the pages of these journals in all its freedom, humanity, and courage.

Mrs. Howe has added greatly to the readability of the journals by her prefatory and explanatory notes. She gives enough biographical and chronological data to explain obscure references, and her critical comment is stimulating. In her preface to the journal to Alfred de Musset, she says, "When George Sand was normal, she did her work. Whenever she lost her poise she wrote a journal." This is true enough as applied to the journal to de Musset, which differs from the effusions of any lovelorn lady only in that it flows from a schooled and skilful pen. The de Musset journal, written during the long and painful collapse of the romance, was used by Alfred's brother, during George Sand's lifetime, in a miserable attempt to blacken her character. It is half tragic, half, one must confess, absurd, with its apostrophes to de Musset as Christ, its prayers, its suicide threats. But it is most interesting in its intimate references to such friends of Mme. Sand's as Delacroix, for whom she was posing while writing, Heine, who loved her "for a year," Sainte-Beuve, whose good advice she did not follow, and Liszt, of whom she said, "Excellent young man! If his piety is sincere I respect him. If it is an affectation I shall never know the difference." The journal which follows the de Musset is scarcely the work of an unpoised woman, although it reflects moods of depression and despair. It is a series of imaginary conversations with



RABINDRANATH TAGORE

From the dry point by Muirhead Bone. Frontispiece for Tagore's "Letters to a Friend" (Macmillan)

"Doctor Piffoël." This was a name given to George Sand in her masculine moods by Liszt and Mme. d'Agoult, who were visiting her at Nohant at the time. The conversations are illustrative of those phases of Mme. Sand's intellect and interest which mark her as far in advance of her time. As Mrs. Howe says, "She stands, as it were, with us, looking back at herself and her contemporaries." They give rich expression to her concern for education and social problems, as well as to her mysticism, love of nature and delight in homely things.

The last section of the Intimate Journal is devoted to a scrap-book called by George Sand, "Sketches and Hints," which contains verses, reflections on various subjects, and, most interesting, some of the letters which Mme. Sand had received which she prized most highly. To these she added three pages, written after she had reread, a year or so before her death, these mementoes of her turbulent career. These are the last published words from her pen, and in them she is all age looking back upon all youth. But her thoughts are not the *si jeunesse savait, si veillesse pouvait* which might have been expected. She repeats the grow old along with me of Rabbi Ben Ezra, and with the last words—"the end is a goal, not a catastrophe"—puts a grand full-stop to the earthly record of her great soul.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Frenchmen Among Negroes

Travels in the Congo. By ANDRE GIDE. Translated by DOROTHY BUSSY: Knopf. $5. Reviewed by THE EDITOR.

Black Magic. By PAUL MORAND: Viking Press. $3. Reviewed by LUCILLE FORT HEWLINGS.

"TRAVELS IN THE CONGO" is a diary, the daily record of a nine months' trip in West Africa, a long loop through the hills, rivers, jungles, and villages of the Congo. Gide's "Counterfeiters" was described as "a novel about a man writing a novel." "Travels in the Congo" is not a travel book about a man traveling to write a book. Forty years ago Gide first thought about the trip he finally made in 1926. And he was fortunate enough to carry, as his principal baggage, the eager and open mind of the youth who had dreamed of

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the Congo. His journal is a concise record of things seen, heard, and felt. What he saw were lions and crocodiles and tsetse flies; the labors of colonial servants; the customs and ritual and behavior of black men. What he heard were the mysterious sounds of a pure primitive world. What he felt was the response to life of "a grateful and enraptured soul." By day he pursued strange butterflies with a net, scrambled through swamps after peculiar flowers, nursed sick natives, discussed problems of administration with government agents. By night he watched weird dances, hobnobbed with black kings, read Bossuet and Browning and Conrad (to whose memory his book is dedicated). His observation is unprejudiced, without romantic distortion of fact; his style, the perfection of simplicity.

If two Frenchmen had not happened to publish books about the negro at the same time, no one would have been so hard-hearted as to have subjected the work of Paul Morand (discussed below) to the ordeal of comparison with that of André Gide. But it happens that nothing could illustrate better than do these two books the difference between the attitude toward the negro of the versatile, up-to-the-minute but neither before nor after it journalistic mind (Morand) and the philosophical, highly cultured mind (Gide). Both men are negrophiles. But Morand is the raucous emotional follower of the Harlem cult; Gide, the intelligent critic of primitive culture, the temperate admirer of primitive virtues. And this is especially interesting because Gide has, by his own confession, "long been a Bergsonian without knowing it," although he mistrusts "a system that comes so pat in response to the tastes of the period and owes a great part of its success to flattering them." And the contemporary cult of the savage is surely a phase or a result of Bergsonism. A comparison of the Gide and Morand books is so interesting and profitable that, although to read Morand strikes us, usually, as a waste of time, we do advise readers to take these books together.

"Black Magic" will be interesting to readers of Bruno Frank's brilliant "The Persians Are Coming," for Morand presents in Congo an example of the African out of America whose primitive appeal to anemic Europe is breaking down its civilization. This theory is further upheld by the drawings of Aaron Douglas when he gives us those pale shadowy figures dancing before a symbolic background. Pale arms raised in supplication to an African god that magnetizes decadent Europe after the scourge of war. Aaron Douglas knows his own people and his drawings are in sharp contrast to the deliberate violence of Morand's prose.

Primitive power has its appeal but is it not a mistake to change the rhythm of one race for that of another? The tom-tom beat of jazz is the rhythm of Africa and the nerves of the negro respond in unison. The nervous system of the Nordic is civilized to a thinner, higher key that strains and aches in its response.

As a Southerner I have lived among negroes all my life and I feel none of the hate Morand suggests. Neither do I know of its existence except among lower class whites whose color is their only mark of superiority. And never have I heard such English as he reports from the banks of the Mississippi!

Perhaps Morand is more at home with the African in Paris though he tells us he has traveled 30,000 miles and visited thirty-eight negro countries in his investigation of the call of darkness that comes in the melancholy cry from the saxaphone.

He quotes the warning from Renan's "The Future of Society:" "Oh leave these last sons of Nature to pass peacefully away upon their mother's breast! Do not break in with your austere dogmas, the fruit of twenty centuries of reflection, upon their childish play . . . " But Europe did not break in upon their childish play and New England merchants made a profitable business of selling them as slaves to Southern plantation owners who further betrayed them by violating their integrity of race. We have tried to wash out this stain of mixed blood with education. Look through the eyes of Paul Morand and see what we have today. Indeed the Persians are coming—they are hot on our heels.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace. This sad and bitter story of American marriage is Lewis's best book, and must not be missed. Reviewed March 20.

Dark Hester, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton, Mifflin. This conflict between a possessive mother and a modern daughter-in-law is described with subtle penetration in lovely prose. Reviewed March 27.

Dark Star, by Lorna Moon: Bobbs-Merrill. This melodramatic story of illegitimacy is distinguished by deft handling and fine characterization. Reviewed March 27.

Mamba's Daughters, by DuBose Heyward: Doubleday, Doran. A richly melodramatic story of Charleston negroes and their white-folks. Reviewed February 6th.

Storm House, by Kathleen Norris: Doubleday, Doran. This story of various women impelled by the mothering instinct to devotion and sacrifice is told with convincing mediocrity. Reviewed April 10th.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

The Cradle of the Deep, by Joan Lowell: Simon and Schuster. These salty and "fishy" adventures are making money for the author and trouble for the sponsors. Reviewed March 13.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

Cavender's House, by Edwin Arlington Robinson: Macmillan. A narrative poem marked by the intellectualized emotion and objective introspection characteristic of this poet. Reviewed April 24th.

Swords and Roses, by Joseph Hergesheimer: Knopf. Pearly prose tears shed by a romantic over a cause great enough to command more stalwart celebration. Reviewed April 10.

Personalities in New Books

Received too late for detailed review

PERHAPS the most humanly interesting thing about the life of Rhodes, the American historian, is the fact that his life breaks into two parts—a division which Mr. Howe follows in his book. (*James Ford Rhodes.* By M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE: Appleton. $3.50.) When Rhodes was about fifty, a figure in the business world, he decided that he had made enough money, and, despite an indifferent education, set out to make himself a scholar, historian, and writer of distinguished prose. For an American to do that makes him unusual biographical material. Rhodes's subsequent career was a splendid one. His work as a historian is too well known to require comment. And so is Mr. Howe's as a biographer. Both men won Pulitzer prizes, Rhodes in 1918 for his "History of the Civil War;" Howe in 1925, for his "Life of Barrett Wendell." Following his former method, Mr. Howe has made fine use of personal letters and of the reminiscences of friends in his interesting and valuable biography of one of our great historians.

There is no more curious personality

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in American history than John Randolph of Roanoke. (*Randolph of Roanoke: A Political Fantastic.* By GERALD W. JOHNSON: Minton, Balch. $3.50.) "I am an aristocrat," he said. "I love justice and hate equality." And on another occasion he said, "When I speak of my country, I mean the Commonwealth of Virginia." It requires only two such phrases to characterize the political and social attitude of this man who was "admittedly the first orator in a Congress which included Webster, Clay, and Calhoun," and whose wicked, brilliant tongue is remembered after his many services to his "country" have been forgotten. Randolph has "come down in history with one of the most terrible reputations ever attached to an American politician who was never convicted of murder, treason or theft." And interesting as is his political career, his character, which shaped that career and made that reputation, is even more fascinating. Johnson has done well by both, and has enlivened his book by quotations from some of the vitriolic and devastating speeches which Randolph loosed upon his hapless enemies. Excellent as was Johnson's brief biography of Andrew Jackson, this study of an equally striking if less important figure is even better. Both books are issued in this publisher's series of biographies of "unusual Americans," which, besides more substantial merits, has the agreeable, superficial one of being printed on good paper in large type.

To turn from the aristocrat to the proletarian, we have the first biography of Karl Marx available to English readers. (*Karl Marx.* By OTTO RUHLE. Translated by EDEN AND CEDAR PAUL: Viking Press. $5.) With the Russian experiment, Marx has emerged to startle our century as he did his own, and not to know something about his life and his philosophy is to be ill-equipped to understand present-day problems. His name fits glibly on most tongues. But until this book appeared, there was no biography to tell readers something about his personality. This book is brilliant, absorbing and deeply honest. Facts are not distorted either to point a moral or to adorn a tale. Marx "preached the stirring doctrine of brotherly love—and remained a lonely egoist." Without denigration, apparently without favor, Rühle has used the methods of psychography to make clear his picture of a genius.

To complete the sandwich of Karl Marx, a sandwich in which, without the least disparagement of the delicious, edible, and nourishing bread, we have to confess that the meat is the most

(Please Turn to Page 110)

Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

EVER since the days of Walter Rausehenbusch and Francis Peabody the term "Social Gospel" has had wide vogue. It has been increasingly asserted that the gospel proclaimed by Jesus was the good news of social reconstruction fully as much if not more than the glad tidings of personal salvation. But such an interpretation has been vigorously challenged. Social conservatives have united with social radicals in condemning the New Testament ideas as impracticable and critical scholars have agreed with premillenarians in asserting that there is no social teaching whatever in the message of Jesus.

But this controversy between the friends and the foes of the social gospel can never be settled except on the basis of historical study. To know what Jesus meant by "The Kingdom of God," "Blessed are the poor," "Woe to you rich," we must know what such words meant to him and to the people of his time. "The Genesis of the Social Gospel," by Chester Charlton McCown (Knopf), is a painstaking and scholarly attempt to answer these intricate questions by the historical method. The author traces the dominant ideas of Jesus's day back through the prophets to the ancient nations of Egypt, Babylon, and Sumeria. He concludes as a historical scholar that "Jesus has a social gospel, a message of social salvation and that it is still a gospel even for modern civilization."

To those who rightly insist upon an objective approach to this whole question, this is the best book on the subject which has appeared in a long time. But those who want to know more specifically the measure of our civilization in the light of the social principles of Jesus will do well to read "Our Economic Morality," by Harry F. Ward (Macmillan).

"Jesus on Social Institutions," by Shailer Mathews (Macmillan), deals with the same theme, but with a different approach. Dean Mathews makes a significant contribution in pointing out that Jesus cannot be understood without some understanding of the psychology of revolution. Jesus was a revolutionist, an agitator, but one whom no overturning of externals would satisfy. He would re-orient man's inner life. Sincere Christians puzzled about the relationship of their religion to their business life will do well to read this book. It is genuinely helpful. The Roman Catholic point of view on this whole subject of the social gospel is ably set forth by Alphonse Lugan, in his book, "Social Principles of the Gospel" (Macmillan). Abbé Lugan knows this field both from the Catholic and Protestant sources. His book is informing and it has the charm of clarity. He would find in the Church the correct interpreter of the social teachings of Jesus. But E. Boyd Barrett, a former Jesuit and still a member of the Church, is much more skeptical of the social value of much of the teaching and practice of the Church. His book, "While Peter Sleeps" (Washburn), is a plea for fundamental changes in the Church.

Two other recent books also deal with the application of Christianity to the problems of civilization. One of these is by the "Gloomy Dean," Inge, and is called "Labels and Libels" (Harper). It is a series of essays on our baffling contemporary problems and some of the proffered solutions of them. If one does not relish the point of view of Ward or Mathews referred to above, he has only to read this book to receive the confirmation of his prejudice that this social message of the Church is "excess baggage."

But as we think of this great problem of the relationship of Christianity to our Twentieth Century Western civilization, we must not forget that it was Paul who saved Christianity from being more than a Jewish sect. To get a balanced view, some thought must be given to him. For this purpose we would recommend "Saint Paul," by Emile Baumann (Harcourt, Brace). Beautifully written, the mighty apostle is made to live and move before us. The author has given us a most winsome word picture of one of the greatest minds of all time.

It is difficult to consider the social gospel without thinking of the labor movement of which Mr. Gompers once said, "I have been jealous that it should never lose its character of a great crusade for human justice." In "Labor Speaks for Itself on Religion" (Macmillan), Jerome Davis has brought together the statements of about thirty spokesmen for labor. Some of these statements are extremely biased, but they are a most valuable source book for men and women who want to do more than touch the surface of this whole question.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

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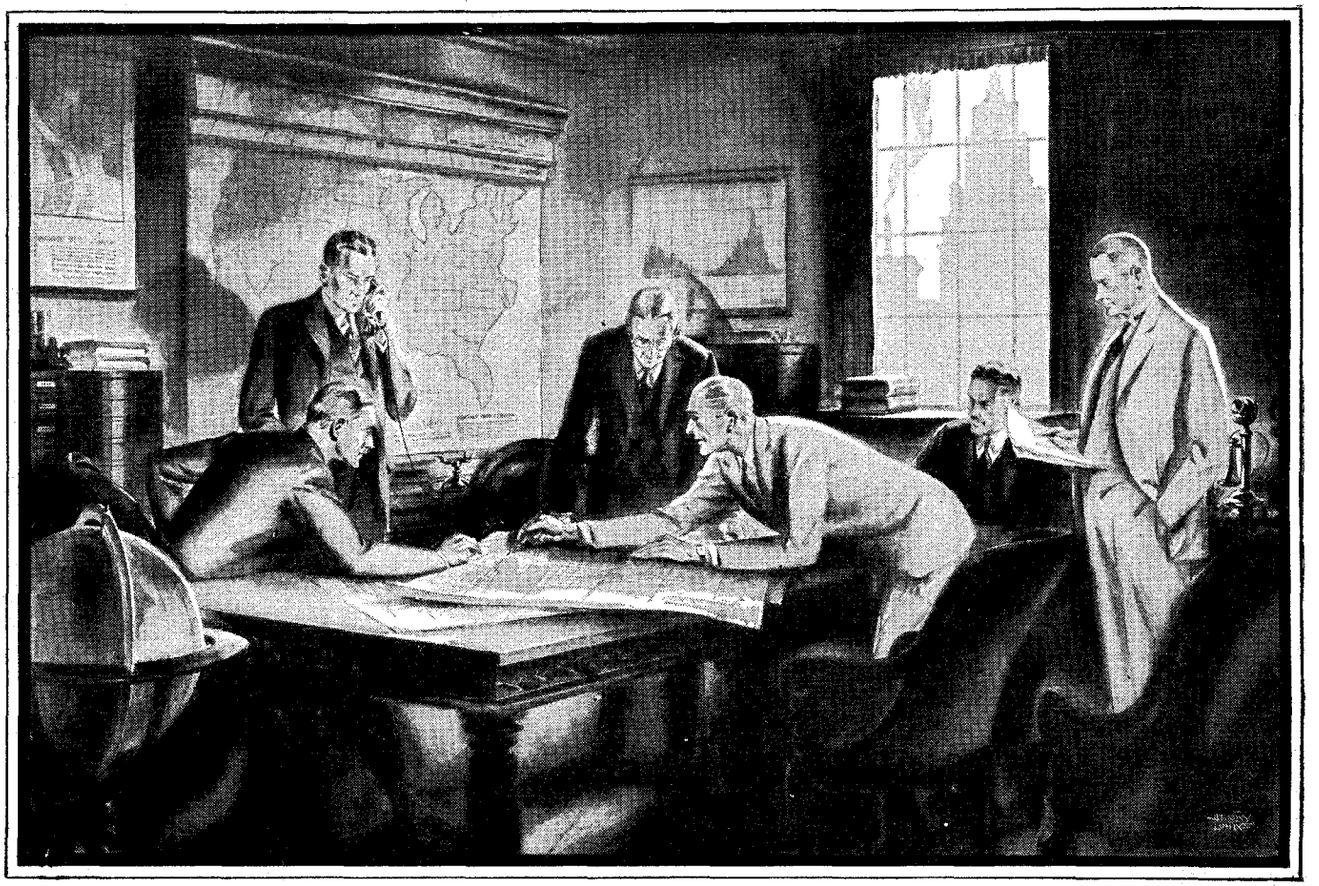

Planning high-speed business

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

MORE than 95% of the telephone calls from one town to another in the Bell System are now on a high-speed basis. This holds whether the call is from New Orleans to Boston or from New York to Oyster Bay.

Even if it is a long call, the operator in many cases now asks you to hold the telephone while the call is put through.

Calls from one town to another used to be handled by one operator taking your order and giving it to another group of operators to put through. You now give your call direct to the operators who put it through —and put it through fast while you are on the line. The average time for handling all toll and long distance calls in the Bell System was further materially reduced in 1928.

A high-speed service to all parts of the country—calls from one town to another as swift, clear and easy as local calls—that is the aim of the Bell System.

This is one of the many improvements in methods and appliances which are constantly being introduced to give high-speed telephone service.

Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is ever the goal of the Bell System.

"THE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE THE DIRECTORY OF THE NATION"

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

FROM time immemorial—or at least so long as we can remember—the bundle of theatrical tricks which are always sure fire producers of emotion in an audience have been designated "hokum." As all followers of the theatre know, many of our most popular playwrights have been experts in nothing but "hokum." More; many and many a sincere play has been made a success by the introduction of "hokum," until the place accorded this art in practical showmanship has come to be almost that of a minor Deity. Nor is "hokum" confined to the theatre alone. It exists throughout our American life; in politics, in business, in religion.

The scene of Henry Hull's latest play "Congratulations" is none other than Hokum City, itself. A matinee idol who runs a stock company runs for Mayor of this mythical city, and through a series of purely theatrical and totally unconvincing situations (intellectually speaking) gets himself elected, somewhat to his own astonishment and to the complete dismay of the local politicians. Once in office he merely plays the rôle of Mayor as he would play any other dramatic part.

As a result, there isn't a real moment in "Congratulations." There isn't a line that is not threadbare and shiny from use. There isn't a speech that hasn't been heard before. There is scarcely a theatrical trick, both behind the scenes and before the footlights, which isn't included in the repertoire of this extraordinary play.

And to our mind, it succeeds. For Mr. Hull, who hides behind the pseudonym of Morgan Wallace, author, has taken his aggregation of "hokum" and presented it in his theatre with such expert showmanship that he displays the entire thing for what it is, and yet continually makes it theatrically convincing as he does so.

Designed for a sophisticated audience, which wants to laugh at itself and particularly at all other audiences, it fills the bill even to the point of selling Hokum City candy drops between the acts. (Each and every package guaranteed and containing the pictures of your favorite actors and actresses!) Irresistibly one is reminded of George Cohan's "The Tavern," of last year's production of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," and of Messrs. Morley's and Gribble's efforts to kid the classics of the sixties over in Hoboken.

The difference is that this is expert, where the Hoboken show partakes of the amateur. This is done with the tongue both in and out of the cheek, where the "Tavern" sustained a single note and presented a continuous theme.

Only one thing disturbed us: Henry Hull, himself, as the matinee idol, presented us with no clear characterization of some one else, and seemed undecided as to the precise character of the rôle he portrays. Nevertheless, people who see him, we predict, will begin by being mystified but end by being entertained. "Congratulations" possesses the virtue of novelty.

"The Little Show" on the other hand now at the Music Box Theatre, as a study in heredity, is a kind of "This Year of Grace" out of the "Grand Street Follies." A smooth, professional, rather effortless revue, with touches of genuine satire on American life as it appears in the advertising world, the theatre, Wall Street and elsewhere. Music which is only fair, scenery which is pleasant but not striking, dances which are agreeable but not startlingly original—this completes the general outline.

There remain Clifton Webb and Fred Allen—and a girl named Joan Carter-Waddell, who appears in only two scenes. Clifton Webb decidedly surprised us. All people who have been inclined hitherto to consider him not quite a stellar dancer or comedian are hereby advised to gaze upon his dancing in "Moanin' Low," and his work as a comedian in George S. Kaufman's exceedingly entertaining sketch, "The Still Alarm." As for Fred Allen, he seemed to us infinitely funnier than Joe Cook, and an exceedingly pleasant addition to the gaiety of life.

But who is Joan Carter-Waddell? To our mind, she has it in her to be Gertrude Lawrence's successor, for personality, glamour, grace and imagination. We have not been so suddenly caught up in years, as by her unexpected appearance in a musical ditty and dance, entitled "Caught in the Rain." When she followed it with a dance with Clifton Webb, himself, we were convinced that a new star had arrived. Maybe her talents are more limited than we are aware; maybe her directors are already doing all they can for her. But in the opinion of this humble department, it is a long time between such glamourous moments as she produced.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 108)

substantial part, we turn to the journal of an Anglo-German princess. (*Daisy, Princess of Pless.* By HERSELF: Dutton. $5.) The social details in the life of this woman of an old and famous English family, a great belle in King Edward's day, who married a German prince, are complete, diverse, and accurate enough to please the most ardent title-loving democrat. A little remote, now, they have the charm of leg of mutton sleeves and spotted veils. But when they come down to the War, the memoirs becoming extremely moving.

Another point of view on the Great War is found in an unusually interesting collection of letters. (*Letters to a Friend.* By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Edited by C. F. ANDREWS: Macmillan. $2.50.) The letters included in this volume were written by the poet during the years between 1913 and 1922 to his friend, C. F. Andrews, who prefaces them by two essays on "The Bengal Renaissance" and on "The Personality of Tagore." The essays are interesting: the letters, rather more than that, because they admit the reader to the deepest thoughts concerning Europe and America of a typical Eastern sage. Covering as they do the periods of the War and of the years during which the idea of fellowship between East and West began to take shape, they are significant and valuable.

Forthcoming Books

Loose Ladies. By VINA DELMAR: Harcourt, Brace. May 16.

The Green Parrot. By PRINCESS MARTHE BIBESCO: Harcourt, Brace. May 16.

The Mountain Tavern. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY: Harcourt, Brace. May 16.

Louis XIV in Love and in War. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON: Harper. May 15.

Bolivar the Liberator. By MICHEL VAUCAIRE: Houghton, Mifflin. May 17.

Adam, the Baby, and the Man from Mars. By IRWIN EDMAN: Houghton, Mifflin. May 17.

Sonnets from a Lock Box. By ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH: Houghton, Mifflin. May 17.

Coat Without a Seam. By MAURICE BARING: Knopf. May 16.

The Old Man. By EUGENE MACLEAN: Coward-McCann. May 16.

Wolf Solent. By JOHN COWPER POWYS: Simon & Schuster. May 17.

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

R. Lowe Thompson's The History of the Devil Harcourt

If unbroken lineage counts for anything, the devil is certainly a gentleman, for Mr. Thompson traces him back to the Stone Age, and even reproduces family portraits 9,000 years old. For the devil was first a magician—a magician disguised as an animal, with horns and tail. Why he disguised himself as an animal, how he became priest, then god; then, dethroned by a new religion, the lord of the underworld and king of the dead; and finally the devil as we know him, is told clearly, interestingly, and with occasional flashes of humor which make the book fascinating reading. Incidentally it brings in a theory we have seen expounded before, that Joan of Arc was a member of the witch cult so prevalent in the Middle Ages. It is a thesis which, as the author says, "may not find favor, especially in view of St. Joan's recent canonization and her position as a focal point for many finely wrought ideals." Yet it seems to us entirely tenable, throwing light upon many things concerning her which are otherwise inexplicable.

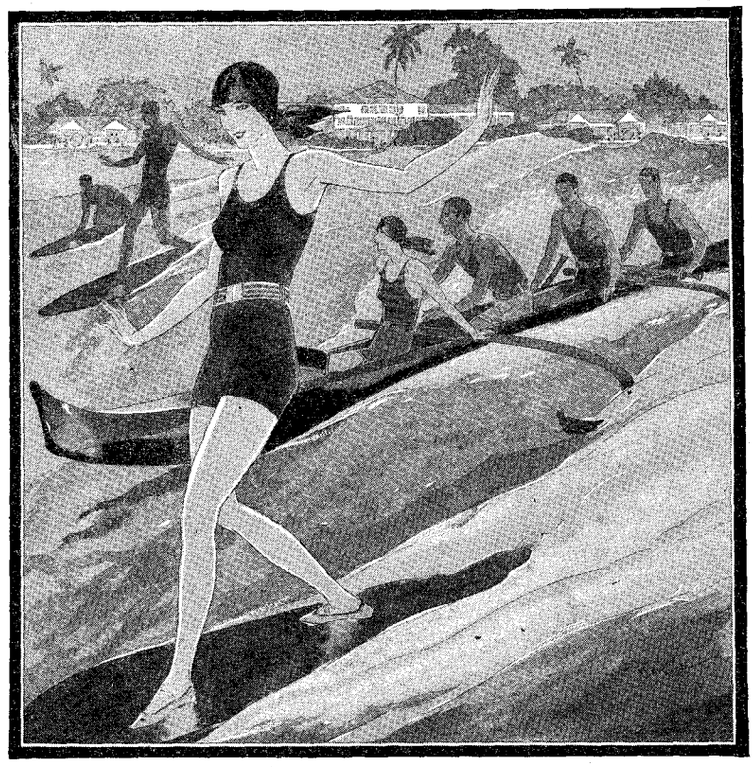
Percy Crosby's Skippy Putnam

There are eight illustrations and 335 pages of text. Just vice versa would have been the right proportion. The drawings are grand. There is only one Skippy and we are his prophet. But . . . Oh, yes, you'll read it. It's funny, although it's in an idiom never heard from the mouth of any babe or suckling of our acquaintance. There's the merest thread of a plot. But what we want to know is: if Mr. Crosby can draw like that, why bother to write, too?

Sir Hugh Clifford's Bushwhacking Harpers

Probably no other Englishman knows the Malay Peninsula and understands its inhabitants as thoroughly as Sir Hugh Clifford, now Governor and High Commissioner of that province. Here are recollections of punitive expeditions in the jungle, the story of the love of a Malay princess for a commoner whom she could not marry, the tale of what happened to the man who thought he knew everything, and half a dozen other pieces embodying memories of men and women and places that Sir Hugh has known. A book which will take its place beside the seven or eight others by the same author on the shelves of those who value fine prose.

(Please Turn to Page 113)



In the Water or Out—
it's Cool all Summer in **HAWAII**

WHAT a summer's vacation it will be—to live for a few weeks where the water is a place to *play* and not just a way to cool off! Where the air is almost as cool as the smooth green breakers that slide and rustle on the coral sands!

Here are long curving beaches sparkling with gayety and color, where pleasure-bent throngs from every continent gather for a holiday. Tiny beaches, too, where you can drowse all day with a new sense of remoteness, in the shade of a rustling coco palm.

Bronze-skinned Hawaiians will teach you how to balance on speeding surfboards. Native outrigger canoes ride the breakers at toboggan-speed. There's a thrill even in watching them from the smart *lanai* of your beach hotel.

Golf courses everywhere. Motoring, sightseeing, cruising among the fairy islands of Oahu, Kauai, Hawaii and Maui. Hawaiian music and dancing, strangely beautiful. Volcanic marvels in Hawaii U. S. National Park, where giant tree ferns line the motor road to Kilauea's mammoth steaming crater. Great game fishing off the Kona Coast.

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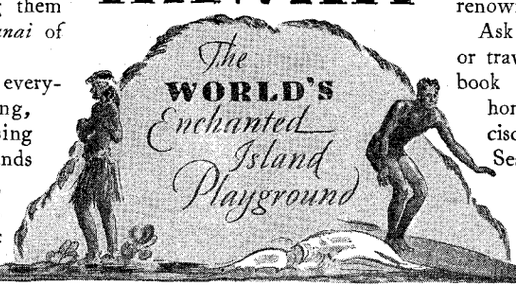

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

"Close Harmony"

WE DON'T know what used to be taught at the Paramount School of Acting, of which Charles Rogers is an alumnus; it's doubtful that speech was part of the curriculum, since speech was not a requirement for the screen in those days. Whether Rogers learned there or elsewhere, he turns out to be a good speaking actor in "Close Harmony," even though the reproduction of his voice isn't very well handled at the Rialto Theatre, New York, where we saw the picture.

Nancy Carroll, a hot favorite of this department in the days of the silent screen, looks just as pretty in "Close Harmony" as she did in "The Water Hole" and "Shopworn Angel," but the nuances of a speaking part are still a little beyond her powers. She seems nervous and undecided, and small wonder. They coach stage actresses for years before giving them parts as big as Nancy Carroll's rôle in "Close Harmony" but the talkies have exposed more than one competent screen actress to the charge of amateurishness, merely because many of the directors who are handling them don't know any too much about dialogue themselves.

The talent that Nancy Carroll has shown since her first screen appearance is bound to bring her through; it's just unfortunate that she hasn't been better taught in the technique of the talkies. A little more practice and she'll be as polished a speaking actress as she was a silent one.

"Close Harmony" is an amusing and entertaining picture in spite of its inexcusably bad reproduction. Skeets Gallagher and partner are really funny as a fancy song team, and the work of Buddy Rogers is excellent. The story is light but adequate, and the laughs come thick.

"His Captive Woman"

SOME of the views of Miss Dorothy Mackaill, one-time Follies girl, that the public is accorded in this picture should be seen to be appreciated. Not only that, but they should be seen before the censors get busy on one or two of them—or they may not be seen at all.

"His Captive Woman" is equipped with a (to us) unusually interesting and novel plot.

A cabaret cutie of the flagrant forties catches her personal papa hanging some diamonds on another young person. She shoots him, without ado, and leaves, in rather a hurry, for the South Sea Isles. Officer Thomas McCarthy (Milton Sills), "a square cop who doesn't monkey with women," is sent after her to bring her back to justice.

On the journey home their ship is driven on a desert island, and therewith commences a series of the best desert-island sequences the movies have achieved in quite some time. Miss Mackaill and Mr. Sills respond with rare ability to the direction of George Fitzmaurice and a genuinely absorbing picture results.

As in "The Barker," this same trio do far less well by their talking scenes than when they keep silent. In the (apparently) inevitable court-room scene that opens the picture some of the most pitiable comedy is introduced that could be imagined. Mr. Sills himself is more creditable as Officer McCarthy than he was in "The Barker," but Mr. Fitzmaurice is to be charged with a definite lack of knowledge of how to make talking pictures. Miss Mackaill speaks hardly at all, but it would have been better if the "hardly" could have been replaced by a "not."

These objections are not intended to keep you away from the picture. Its good parts are awfully good.

We Recommend

Madam X: An extraordinary talkie that you mustn't miss. Lionel Barrymore directed it, and Ruth Chatterton acts her head off for him.

The Trial of Mary Dugan: BAYARD VEILLER directs NORMA SHEARER and others in his own successful stage play. A splendid production.

The Broadway Melody: The most spectacular and variegated entertainment yet offered by the talkies.

The Iron Mask: DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS as D'Artagnan in late middle life. His performance is wonderful, and so is the picture.

Coquette: This fine all-talking picture, with MARY PICKFORD, should be seen despite faulty mechanics.

The Letter: Written by SOMERSET MAUGHAM, acted by JEANNE EAGELS and a perfect cast, and directed by MONTA BELL. *Salaam* to all of them.

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 111)

Park and Williams' Who's Who Among the Microbes Century

You will find them discussed here, germ by germ, your most deadly enemies,—cocci and spirochetes and bacilli and the rest, their habits and appetites and the particular troubles they cause. The authors are the Directors of the Bureau of Laboratories of New York City's Department of Health, and they have written a very readable and informative book which will give you some understanding of and a good deal of respect for the science of bacteriology.

Donald Ogden Stewart's Father William Harper

The Father William of this story is Austin Saubury, whose conduct causes his serious-minded son and daughter much concern. Austin at 45, with no ambition, plenty of money, a sense of humor and a talent for enjoying himself, fell, with what seemed to his children a resounding and disgraceful crash, for a young thing somewhat less than half his age. Mr. Stewart tells a straight story this time, which, more consistently entertaining than his previous books, lacks the fantastic madness making them sometimes so gorgeous and sometimes so flat. A swell book.

Paul Hazard's Stendhal Coward-McCann

In spite of a certain haziness and sketchiness, this is an excellent portrait of that contradictory genius, Henri Beyle, to whom successive generations of French writers owe so much. Indeed a certain vagueness is perhaps necessary to the picture of so complex an egotist. The selection of material has been done with a discriminating precision which is rare enough in modern biography. Stendhal's chief legacy to his successors was his careful dissection of motives, which makes this history of his own spiritual and emotional life the more interesting.

T. S. Stribling's Strange Moon Doubleday, Doran

Eugene Manners goes to Venezuela to buy an oil lease from Señor Ramon Valera. He falls in love with Sola, a beautiful dancer, and has fights with both his friends and his enemies, not to mention a snake, and is picked on by soldiers, police, customs officials, rival Dutch oil men, aristocrats and peons—all of which furnishes the reader lots of excitement. Plausible romantic adventure, well done.

(Please Turn to Page 118)

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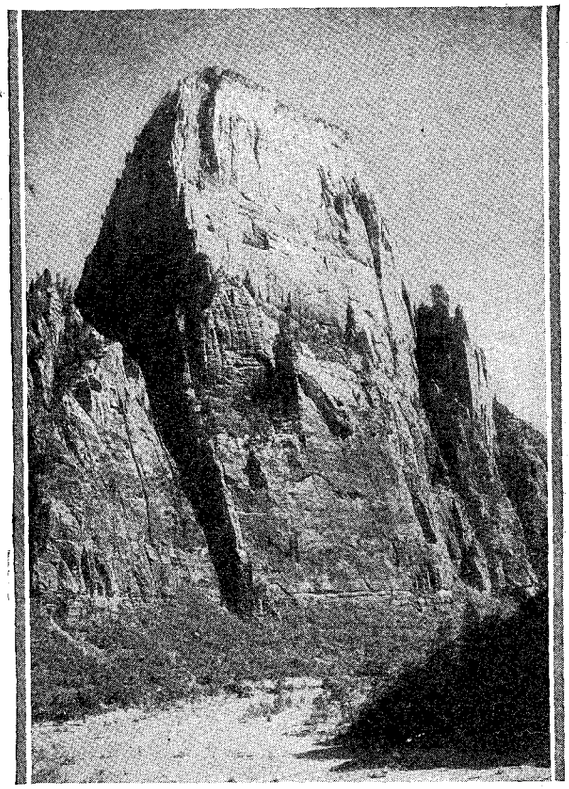

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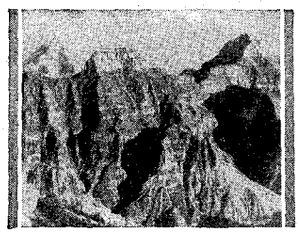

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Sampson

UNDOUBTEDLY, the first thing he could remember was the fond look of adoration in his mother's eyes, a look that changed to awe and wonder when it rested upon his hair.

For even in babyhood his hair had been a glory, floating in a golden aureole above the candid look of infancy. Big people always noticed him. Women stopped and held out eager hands to touch that floating brightness. And among other children he was distinguished.

On the day when it was first cut off growing up became a disaster. Afterwards he sat about quietly, eyes cast down, his head naked and defenseless. Children jostled and treated him as one of themselves. Grown people passed him absent minded. His mother must have wept above that loss, looked at him less. And in his heart he was stricken. He had lost his heaven.

He recovered slowly. By the time he had reached his twenties he had regained some confidence. For he had become the glass of fashion in the Middle Western state which was his home. He was the adored of feminine hearts. But it was not enough. Somewhere within him was a dissatisfaction with life—a hunger. He had grown up to be a dude, a beau, a rich man's son. But where was his strength—his lost superiority?

It was on a day when he stood in front of his mirror that the great idea came to him. He had been scowling at himself. Suddenly he hesitated. He leaned forward. He tried the effect of rolling his eyes from side to side. More fascinated, he widened his mouth into a horrible, distorted grin. He drew a deep shuddering breath. Where had he seen that look before? Only on the faces of wild men. It was a look that went with long hair! Long hair!

Soon afterwards a great circus, touring the country from east to west, announced the appearance of a new Wild Man. From town to town his fame ran like a courier before him. And on the heels of the courier came the circus. After the lions and the tigers, after the elephants in red and gold caparison, after the white horses and the spangled, bare-back riders there rolled a great barred cage borne on by prancing stallions, coal black, with blood-shot eyes. Imprisoned in the cage there crouched the Wild Man. Covered only with the skins of animals, gnawing rapaciously at ragged bones, shrieking blood-curdling oaths in an unknown savage tongue, his cruel eyes rolling and glaring at the shuddering crowd, the Wild Man rode upon his way. "And look," exclaimed the terrified, "look at his hair!"

For twenty years he was happy. And then he fell in love. It was his own home town that undid him. It was in a barber shop on one of those familiar streets that he repeated the disaster of his childhood. For he was to become a married man. He was to settle down and raise a family. He was going to open a harness shop.

For a time the harness shop endured. But with every increase in family, the owner of the shop stared longer at his close-cropped reflection in the mirror. How had this thing come about? How had he allowed them once again to take away his superiority? He stared and mused. And then he took to thinking it over as he drank. And as he drank he dreamed, remembering past glories. He forgot his wife and he forgot his children. And he forgot his harness shop. He woke one day to find that they had left him.

FOR A WHILE he lived alone and drank and brooded. He had been happy once—so long ago that all he could remember was his mother's look as she had touched his hair. He had been happy twice—that other time when he was famous. Until they cut his hair. Well, he was getting to be an old man now and he could do as he pleased.

Year after year his hair grew longer until it fell below his shoulders, until it streamed whitely to his waist. He lived by odd jobs, and alone. People often pointed at him, whispering, "There goes the Wild Man!" But he knew that, living in his solitary hut, with old dreams for company and old newspaper clippings for consolation, he was the happiest man alive.

Until they found him out and took him to the poor-house. When they approached him with the shears, he started and protested. He tried to explain but they pushed him down gently and went on with their business. How could they know what he was talking about? The first time—childhood. The second time—manhood. The third time—

But he was an old man—so old that, when they looked in later, they were not surprised to see that he had died upon his bed.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

"CRAFT WORK" by Edna Selena Cave, published by the Century Company, is a book which will be of value to any one interested in knowing about any of the popular forms of handicraft. It contains scale drawings, photographs, and explicit directions as to materials, methods of work and so on, regarding leather work, seat weaving, raffia and pine needle work, reed baskets, toys, decorating articles of tin, iron, wood and glass, Batik and tie dyeing, stenciling and block printing, lamp shades, painting with new fabric dyes, and treating new unstained and old furniture. It offers interesting suggestions for the hobby seeker, as well as for teachers in schools, camps and the occupational therapy departments of hospitals and sanatoriums, and those who wish to decorate their homes, or to make articles for shops and bazaars.

INDICATIONS are that the new paper milk containers will soon take the place of the old familiar glass bottles whose jingles and rattles and crashes daily herald the dawn for so many millions of uneasy sleepers. The Sealcone is a conical container, made of spruce fiber, and paraffined. It weighs 1½ ounces, keeps milk sweeter than any other kind of container, and is air tight. You open it by cutting off the top with a pair of scissors. Two quarts of milk in Sealcones weigh as much as one quart in a glass bottle, and occupy the same space. The tremendous saving effected by using these containers is apparent when we remember that the dairy industry is bigger than either the steel or the automobile industry. Personally, we believe the advent of a noiseless milk bottle will give the despised and disparaged milkman a chance to win back the respect and tolerance of society which he has forfeited through the early morning hours of so many years.

ONE WAY to avoid washing dishes is to get one of those heavy square tin trays, which we have seen, decorated in black and gold, which contain refills of white sanitary paperboard, with four separate grooved sections for food. The refills resist grease, meat and fruit juices, and the cutting edge of the knife.

THERE is an aluminum cleaner on the market which is highly spoken of. It is a paste, used with steel wool, and cleans, polishes and sterilizes. It won't hurt the hands, and can also be used on glass, china and silver.

A SIMPLE beach chair consists of a circular seat of cane, and a circular back, attached so that you can lean against it comfortably. Folded up, it is easily carried by a handle. It comes in red, green or brown.

THE ELECTRIC HORSE has received a good deal of publicity during the past few years, but little has been said of the electric camel. No doubt some ill informed persons are unaware that there exists such an animal, and for their benefit we wish to say that we have seen one, and have been informed that its gait is exactly similar to that of the well known Ship of the Desert. Having once ridden a camel we did not insist on getting aboard this electrical counterpart of that quadruped, but we judge that it can certainly be counted upon to flex your torso for you.

The pony motor is another jouncing device which we inspected. It looks rather like an oblong ottoman, if there is such a thing. "When not in use," say the makers, "it is an inconspicuous but useful article of fine furniture. It only requires a touch of the switch"—the electric switch, they mean—"to start Pony Motor, which gives you the varied severity of canter, trot or gallop." How amusing to seat a distinguished guest all unwitting on Pony Motor, and then touch the switch on him. An excellent way to break the ice.

While we're on the subject of these mechanical health contraptions, may we also mention the Vigo-Ro Wrestling Machine, which is a T-shaped affair, and you grasp the hand grips at each end of the cross piece, and rassle with it. Our only objection to it is that there seems to be no element of sport involved, since neither side ever gets a decision.

After all, if we buy any of these things, we think it will be the horse. The advertising matter is so stimulating. "To ride a horse! The sport of kings! On the Electric Horse you go as far as you like and as fast as you like for when you are tired you're at home!" And the picture of the gent in B.V.D.'s galloping gaily across the parlor floor astride his metal steed is most intriguing. It made us think somehow of a modern Lady Godiva.

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Troubled Waters of Distribution

(Continued from Page 91)

a policy of selling only five-and-ten-cent merchandise while every other variety chain in the country sells merchandise up to $1.

The chains, then, are not nearly so sure of themselves as they once were. It begins to look as if the point of saturation has been reached. Indeed, a report published last July by the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago reveals an actual loss in the unit sales of thirty chains considered. The authorities attribute this to the fact that the larger centers are close to the saturation point in the number of the same variety of chain stores. Recently, the chains have entered the small town, but here the independent merchant who is wide-awake can easily outpoint him. As a member of the community, he has a personal touch with his customers which the local manager of the chain store can never attain. There is nothing which the chains do to increase their business that the independent cannot likewise put into practice. The mass buying of the chains can be met by the co-operative buying of the butcher, the baker, or the candlestick-maker. Accurate and uniform accounting systems, close supervision of each store, and careful price lining—all effective tools of the chains—can also be used effectively by the independent merchant. With a neat, attractive store, well-arranged merchandise, the pride of individual ownership, and the personal touch with his customers, the independent merchant is in an enviable position.

Thus, today, there is a most interesting line-up of competitors in the field of mass distribution. On the one hand are the chains with their mass buying power; on the other is a three-fold combination: the jobber, the wholesaler, and the retailer. The chain-store movement has led to a strict policy of reciprocity. The chains, as well as the various organizations of retailers, reciprocate with the manufacturer in capturing the consumer's dollar. The manufacturer selects the best for him; the chains and the organizations of retailers advertise the best for him to choose. The doom of the independent is far from sealed if he can work out a technique that will enable him to buy as effectively, and to conduct his business along as scientific lines as do the chains themselves. The chain store has taught him where he is weakest, and now instead of beating his breast in dismay the alert retailer, seeing the chain-store army advancing, girds his loins and sallies forth courageously to the fray.

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What's Happened to Tammany?

(Continued from Page 86)

listening for the rasping, East Side voice which for so long had dominated the inner councils of Tammany. Perhaps they felt ill at ease in their new robes of independence and waited, half fearful and half hoping, for the man named Smith to come in, pull off his coat, vest and collar, roll up his sleeves and tell them, as he had done again and again in the past, that their revolt was "a lot of boloney." They lost their nerve, at all events; these bold, bad men of the old régime, and agreed to appoint a committee which would confer with Al Smith, Surrogate Jim Foley, United States Senator Robert F. Wagner and Mayor Jimmy. The committee, it was hastily added, was in no way bound to follow the advice of these gentlemen. It seemed, however, only fair to hold a conference.

What they meant, obviously, was that they dared not face the coming campaign without the assurance that Al Smith would lend his support. Once again, it seemed probable, the New Tammany was to triumph. But a few days later the Supreme Court of the United States, a legal *deus ex machina,* filed into its chambers at the Capitol in Washington. Soon stock tickers throughout the land were being watched by eager thousands, for the Court was reading its decision on the application of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York City for a higher fare. Some obscure phrase, during the first few minutes, gave the impression that the plea had been granted; momentarily transit stocks soared, and the stock of Jimmy Walker, seeking re-election in November, dropped sharply. In another instant, though, it became clear that a five-cent fare had been preserved for the subways. The transit securities tobogganed, and Jimmy Walker, eating lunch in New York City, wore the quizzical smile which spreads over his face when something particularly delights him. Now, he knew, only a miracle could bring about his defeat. He was now the towering influence in Tammany Hall. Hylan had become absurd. The disapproval of Smith was no longer to be feared.

It has been an open secret that Al Smith and Jimmy Walker have irritated each other during the past four years. There is no doubt that the Mayor resented interference from Albany. Jimmy was duly grateful, I am sure, for Smith's leading part in his elevation to the City Hall. On the other hand, he must have been annoyed when Al insisted upon the appointment of George V. McLaughlin, who had been State Banking Commissioner, as head of the police. After all, it was easy enough for Smith—who did not have to conciliate the leaders—to decree that Tammany must mend its ways. Walker, as mayor, was in daily communication with irate ring leaders. Who, these estimable gentlemen sneered, is mayor anyhow? Why, they asked Jimmy, did he not stand on his feet?

No one makes the accusation that Walker, his prestige enormously heightened by the benevolence of the Supreme Court, consciously betrayed Al Smith. Outwardly, nothing had changed. The committee appointed to confer with the "Big Four" continued to arrange meetings. Yet it was now perfectly clear that the district leaders were to win, that Walker was in the saddle. He had already told them that he sympathized with their point of view. He could, though, do nothing with Smith, Wagner and Foley aligned against him. But politics is a game for the opportunist, and Jimmy saw in the Supreme Court decision enough power to beat down Smith. It was not necessary for him to say anything to the leaders; they interpreted the situation correctly. When, at last, the long-delayed session with Smith was held, it was all over. A formal statement was given out by the former Governor. He had been informed, said Al, "that it is the policy of the Executive Committee to select for leader one of their own members." Therefore, "the Executive Committee is fully qualified to make that decision themselves." Foley and Wagner followed with similar statements; Smith's contention that a higher type should be chosen as leader no longer carried weight.

Thus Al Smith passed from the picture and returned to his play. He is doing this a little desperately, one suspects, for it is not easy to step down from the heights. On November 6, his influence waned in the Nation. Then, when Governor Roosevelt abandoned certain portions of his program, it grew less in New York State. This was the final blow; the end of Al Smith as Supreme Chieftain of the Wigwam, and the end of the New Tammany.

One cannot ignore the change. John F. Curry, duly elected on April 23, represents the Tammany Hall which intends to preserve its strength in Manhattan. There will be much talk, during the campaign this fall, to the effect that he typifies the old corruption, even the vices of the days of Tweed. There is no evidence to justify these accusations. Those who say that the modern machine flourishes through graft, through levies upon speakeasies and disorderly houses, simply do not know their politics. These forms of revenue have long been outmoded; to a greater extent in New York, perhaps, than in many other cities. Today's political organization grows fat in ways which are, for the most part, entirely legal. It distributes contracts to those who control votes. It passes out jobs to those with influence.

And in the case of Tammany Hall, the greatest strength lies in the fact that Tammany has consistently been on the public side of every question. I do not say that Tammany does not mulct the tax payer by extravagance. It probably pays exorbitant prices for land, and gives the money to members of the Hall who have been tipped off that the land is to be needed for a school. It is easy enough to attack Tammany's civic morality and one can charge, with truth, that it plays the rôle of demagogue. And yet for twenty years Tammany has been responsible for almost every welfare law enacted at Albany. It has fought for the rights of the workingman, for the protection of women in industry, for regulation of public utilities, for the elimination of child labor, for good roads and for proper care of the insane and the sick. The Republican Party in New York is almost invariably on the other side; too often its candidates are the spokesmen for privilege. Year after year Tam-

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many carries Manhattan, often the Greater City, and sometimes the State. The local G. O. P., wondering why this is so and unable to perceive the obvious, raises the old cry that Tammany is corrupt and buys its victories with gold.

Curry, the new boss, is sixty-five years old; a man who has worked hard and fought hard all his life, who frowns more easily than he smiles. He has been in politics for thirty-four years and his outlook has always been practical to the last degree. His first concern has been his own district, and it has always been well organized, supplied with jobs, brought to the polls on election day. To a leader such as Curry it is essential that Tammany Hall shall hold Manhattan. It is almost as essential that the Hall shall dictate the choice of a Mayoralty nominee. It is desirable to send Democratic assemblymen to Albany so that laws affecting New York can be advanced. A Democratic Governor can, of course, supply many jobs. But to dream of National conquests is a waste of time. Why bother? There is gravy enough, and to spare, in the old home town.

Perhaps Tammany is at a cross-roads and will face, during the next few years, a situation in which all available energy must be used to preserve its existing strength. If this is so, Curry will prove an able commander. He will be a real dictator. His decisions will not be questioned. There will be, I predict, no scandal. Tammany will continue to be about as good, and about as bad, as the other city machines in the United States. In time, of course, Curry will pass as all leaders must. I wonder whether he will go because of the protests of new rebels, who may arise to say that Tammany Hall has been too narrow, that it has alienated the voters by a policy of making ward politics the outstanding purpose of the Hall.

After all, Tammany has known better days than those of the moment or than those likely to come during the next year or so. Besides, there remains Al Smith. He is now under eclipse, but any prediction that he will remain so is dangerous. Curry will have his hands full should a revolt center about the personality of Smith.

Beethoven: A Biography

(Continued from Page 105)

When Beethoven's friends heard this new revolutionary music many were shocked. They found the Master's new sayings too difficult for them, and, like the rich young man in the Bible, "went away sorrowful," for they had great possessions in the rococo period, in the land of the Lobkowitz quartets, the septet and the early symphonies.

Some, like the Schuppanzighs, held their sides, suspecting the practical joker whose tricks and whose manners they all had rueful cause to know. Others were furious. When Gyrowetz had bought and examined these novelties, he growled: "Pity to waste the money!" In 1812, the Master's boyhood friend, Bernhard Romberg, was the world's leading violoncellist. His quartet read the F major at Count Soltikoff's in Moscow. When the *scherzo* began with the one tone violoncello solo consisting of fifteen B flats, everybody burst out laughing.

Romberg was like Tailor Böck in "Max and Moritz," when those practical jokers saluted him with "Meck! meck! meck!"

"Alles konnte Böck ertragen
Ohne nur ein Wort zu sagen;
Aber, wenn er *dies* erfuhr,
Ging's ihm wider die Natur."

("Böck could stomach any affront
Without giving even a grunt;
But when he heard *this* again,
It went clean against his grain.")

The violoncellist went quite off his head. He snatched his part from the rack, hurled it to the floor and danced apoplectically upon it. Like Paolo and Francesca of duet fame, the musicians read no more in the music book that day—nor for many years after.

When the Rasoumowsky quartets came out in London, Radicati, the Italian violinist, picked them up in a friend's house and remarked that Beethoven was music-mad. "He showed them to me in manuscript and, at his request, I fingered them for him. I said to him, 'You surely do not consider these works to be *music?*' and he replied, 'Oh, they are not for you, but for a later age!'"

The truth of this surprisingly moderate retort calls to mind the tribute which Ben Jonson paid Shakespeare:

"He was not of an age, but for all time."

(To Be Continued)

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 113)

Evelyne C'ose's Through the Lattice Henkle

Old Rigg wanted his son Walton to marry Mary Powys, so that Rigg land and Powys land could be joined. But Walton wanted to marry Hester Strange. And all this happens in fog and rain, and you hear clods of earth dropping heavily into newly made graves, and the Widow Strange calling out of the window to her dead son, and the clink of grave-diggers' spades, and you get so depressed that when all these gloomy, stubborn North countrymen go out into the fog and get run over by trains and fall into open graves and break their backs, you're rather relieved. We don't think we ever read a story in which there were so many burials. Recommended as light summer reading for undertakers.

Lorna Rea's The Six Mrs. Greenes Harper

This is rather like those puzzle detective stories, enjoying some popularity lately, in which you are given all the facts and supply your own solution. Six women, having nothing in common but the fact that they have married members of the Greene family, are to dine together. The dinner party itself is left out of the book, but by virtue of the six chapters of which it consists, each one a picture of a different Mrs. Greene, you know perfectly well what the dinner party was like without being told. The character delineation is remarkably sensitive and concise, the differences of generation and temperament made beautifully clear. When you finish the book you will know intimately a very real family.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's One of Those Ways Knopf

When penniless Angela Graham got a job as companion to Prince Oranovsky's cousin, Princess Lola, little did she suspect—or we either, for that matter—that she was becoming involved with a gang of crooks who were counterfeiting the counters used in place of money in the gambling rooms of the various casinos on the Riviera. But we did suspect that there would be a good deal of well-managed excitement, since there usually is in any book by this author—and we weren't disappointed. You won't be either.

Charles Barry's The Clue of the Clot Dutton

Detectives, stenographers, indignant Scotch fathers, a Broadway Jewess, and an assorted lot of sinister characters enliven this plausible yarn of a London office murder which any one of a dozen suspects might have committed, and which turns out to be connected with the international white-slave trade. Reading it, we were convinced that the author kept changing his own mind about who had done to death the scoundrelly Turk who masqueraded as

(Please Turn to Page 120)

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 118)

an importer. That method makes for suspense, of which there is plenty, but also for an irritating and unconvincing end. The book is way above the mystery story average in writing.

Ben Ames Williams's Death on Scurvy Street Dutton

Here's the nonchalant young reporter again, and the hard-boiled city editor, and the city room and the copy desk and all. And there's the murder of an unknown gangster who turns out to be the owner of the paper, and there's the Inspector who isn't as dumb as he looks, and a number of other oh, so familiar characters. But out of all this Mr. Williams manages to spin a yarn that is exciting and firmly constructed. It's well toward the top in the flood of detective stories under which we are struggling.

Keck Orbison's The Key to the Casa Washburn

The English adventurer, Mayhew, and the small evil Chinese mandarin with the pie-shaped hat, Ten Yen, chased Neil Winton from Kowloon to Manila. They chased him all over Manila—upstairs and downstairs and through my lady's chamber. They caught him, too, and got the mysterious key away from him, but by that time Cecil and Victory Crewe and the lovely Elena Delgarda and the choleric Dr. Norton had allied themselves to him, so that after some-hair-raising exploits which include a typhoon and a wrestle in the dark with a greased Malay, Neil gets the key, learns the mystery of the Casa Delgarda, and wins his lady-love. This author seems to have the right formula for adventure stories.

The Last of Our Victorians

(Continued from Page 89)

horizon appeared with the bodies of men smashed against it. What was the sounding phrase and the fluttering battle pennon in that agony?

It was their privilege to participate in the making and remaking of states but they were frequently apathetic about it. Particularly so after the Armistice. Whatever they had accomplished in the way of establishing national boundaries, they returned with a certain freedom of gait. The commercial world was singularly little compared with the volcanic continent on which they had fought. They were independent, they were accustomed to emotional deluges, and they took no pleasure in leaning against a fence. They participated actively in what the world offered in the way of emotional outlets. Perhaps they created a demand for them. In any case they were tired of saluting. What their experience was, how men feel when the fellow they played cards with a few hours before drops along side of them, only they will eventually describe. They did not get used, except superficially, to seeing death. And their emotional reactions as evidenced in what they did when they came back carried over to the men who had been too young to go.

Whenever the young have the opportunity to imitate revolts they follow and go further. The post-war generation have as part of their vocabulary what the older men discovered in a welter and foam of emotional overturn. The pre-war generation had to readjust their entire focus, they had stood on bed rock and looked at eternal mountains and the rock crumbled and the mountains exploded. The later generation is unaccustomed to eternal scenery, they were brought up when nothing was secure, and the change of ideas has come imperceptibly: it is as much a part of them as the multiplication table. So these young men have indeed gone further, and if they occasionally look back on another time not so complex, on the quiet of fields with the sun on them—if they occasionally look back—it is a paradox.

In a Forthcoming Issue

Aspects of Mass Civilization

By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

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